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THE MOWERS.

Where mountains round a lonely dale
Our cottage roof incloses,
Come night or morn, the hissing pail
With yellow cream o'erflows;
And roused at break of day from sleep,
And cheerly trudging hither—
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the grass together.

The fog draws up the mountain side
And scatters flake by flake,
The chasm of blue above grows wide,
And richer blue the lake;
Gay sunlights o'er the hillocks creep,
And join for golden weather—
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

The goodwife stirs at five, we know,
The master soon comes round,
And many swathes must lie a-row
Ere breakfast-horn shall sound;
The clover and the florin deep,
The grass of silvery feather—
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

The noontide brings its welcome rest
Our tall wet brows to dry;
Anew with merry stave and jest
The shrieking hone we ply.
White falls the brook from steep to steep
Among the purple heather—
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We mow the dale together.

Far dial, see, our shadows turn;
Low lies the stately mead;
A scythe, an hourglass, and an urn;
All flesh is grass, we read.
To-morrow's sky may laugh or weep,
To Heav'n we leave it whether—
A scythe-sweep, and a scythe-sweep,
We've done our task together.

W. ALLINGHAM.

Pictures of Life.

LOVE AND COWARDICE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

The large peninsula which lies between the mouth of the Loire and the Vilaine, is indented by several bays, around which are grouped distinct classes of people, whom neither time nor proximity have been able to assimilate. But it is more particularly toward the North-West—where the ancient county of Nantes touches that of Vannes—that the difference becomes striking. At Piriac, for example, you find on one side of the road the peaceable blood of the old race mixed with the rich Saxon, whilst on the other side you see the turbulent, war-like race of the Venitea. There the countenances are calm, the manners soft, the language slow and musical; here the features appear morose, the manners aggressive—the accent hurried and impatient.

Towards the South of the bay the boatman replies to a reproach by excusing himself, but towards the North he answers by blows and insults. In the North as well as South you will find the same absence of industry.

Contented with his fishing, or with the product of a few furrows that he cultivates, the Piriacs retains the place that chance has assigned him in the world, not because he is satisfied with it, but because he will make no effort to better his position.

Demand of him an unusual duty, you must resign yourself to pay for it in value a hundred fold; for he would say, as the Indian of Peru, for brass I open my eyes, for silver I shut them, but if you wish me to rise you must give me gold. This was even more true some years ago than now, for those who love retirement, driven by the fashionable world from Pornic and Poulignen, are now frequenters of Piriac, where they still can find solitude and freedom among its rocks. Thanks to these visitors, the inhabitants of this ancient village begin to live in a more civilised manner; their houses are arranged better to accommodate this passing population; a sort of market has been also established, and cabins for the bathers appear here and there on the beach. So inhospitable were formerly the good people of Piriac, that a stranger, who might wander thither in quest of antiquarian research, or even from love of novelty, found but little kindness or attention to induce him to prolong his stay. There was, however, one man in the village whose character was an exception to this general indifference. It was Louis Marzou,—he was one always ready to do a good turn for any and all—of unknown parentage, he was left early an orphan, charged with the care of a younger brother, whose origin was as obscure as his own. Louis had no means of livelihood, neither boat, nor land; in fact his only resources were the fish he caught with his dead lines, and the shell fish he found clinging to the rocks. His means, however, increased when the bathing season arrived.

Was a messenger needed for Guerande, an experienced bather, whose knowledge of the coast was a guaranty of safety, or a guide acquainted with every curiosity of the neighborhood? Marzou was always ready. So little, however, could the villagers appreciate his activity and shrewdness, that these qualities which should have gained for him consideration, only lowered him in the opinion of his neighbors. However, in the midst of this ill feeling, Marzou had been able to secure the friendship of a stranger, who lived on the Isle of Met, about two sea leagues from Piriac.

No one knew how or why, Luz Marillas, born in the country of the Lower Pyrenees, had established himself on this savage rock in the ocean. There he had lived, however, for years, doing a small trade in cattle, which furnished him with ample means of subsistence. He was a man of a melancholy disposition, easily irritated, believing readily ill of his fellows, and evidently disgusted with all human society.

The Isle of Met had been deserted since the English had driven from thence the former inhabitants. But ten years before the date of which we speak, the pasturage of this island had been hired by Luz Marillas, who in visiting it had allowed himself to be seduced by the savage aspect of the spot. He lived here alone then during all these ten years, cultivating a corner of the island, and leaving the remaining portions to the cattle driven over here in the spring by the villagers, from whom he received dues, which formed a considerable portion of his revenue.

It was only towards the month of July when the grass commenced to wither, and the springs to fail, that the peasants came to drive home their colts and heifers.

At this precise epoch we find ourselves, when the re-embarkation of the cattle, by means of two shallops, usually employed for this purpose, was going on under the direction of two peasants called Goron and Lubert, the latter usually known as the Grand Luc. These two men, though of different ages and characters, were rarely seen apart during any of their expeditions. The first had embarked in early life on a ship of war, which he had left only to become a fisherman. The wandering and adventurous life of the sea had not only become to him habitual, but the excitement of such a mode of existence was now a necessity, and the earth appeared to him in reality but an anchorage, made endurable by taverns. He also joined to the violent temper of his ancestors a brutal contempt for those who did not live like himself by wrestling with the waves. As to Lubert, he was a species of savage, strong as a whale, ferocious as a shark, but incapable of pursuing the shortest train of ideas.

Whilst the two patrons embarked the cattle, Louis Marzou, who served always as the agent of Luz in his communications with the laborers of the mainland, collected from them the dues owing for pasturage. He soon returned towards the cabin of Marillas, carrying the money that he had received for him.

This cabin was constructed at one of the extremities of the isle from some of the ruins of the old farmhouses. Marillas wore a cap which came down over his ears. On his shoulders there hung, in the shape of a cloak, the skin of a heifer, ornamented with its hair, the head forming a sort of hood. Notwithstanding all this abundance of covering, Marillas shook with the first chill of fever. He spread out to the sun his numbed hands, whilst his cadaverous visage was agitated by nervous twitchings.

After having placed the money on the table, Louis inquired how he felt.

"You see," said Luz, with his short and hard accent, "I have snow in my veins! If I was in a country where such things could be, I should believe the sorcerers had taken from my blood, while I slept, all its fire, to renew the energies of some rich old citizen; but here, as there are no such conjurers, I must believe I have a real malady."

"Would it not be better then to come to the village and call a doctor?" asked Marzou.

"To the devil with your doctors," replied the Bernese, roughly. "Since I live like wolves, I wish to cure myself as they do, without any other doctor than Nature."

"Very well," said Louis, "but you must need some help, and you are all alone here, Master Luz—"

"Alone!" repeated Marillas; "do you not see the sea gulls that whirl round my cabin, and that when you are gone, will come and eat at my feet, and to talk with me—then I have Debruis—"

"But I do not see him—where is he?"

"Your tame crow?" asked Louis; "I left him below, among the shallops. He is a wicked fellow, Master Luz, he tries to bite every one."

"Except me," said the sick man, with a smile of satisfaction; "but I see you are like the rest in complaining of him, yet did you ever think that Debruis does but imitate; he returns blows of his beak for shots levelled at his fellows. You call this wicked, but I say 'tis but justice. Man is a ferocious animal, he is scarcely able to stand alone, before he throws stones at the dogs and sparrows; and as soon as he perceives a living thing, he pursues it to deprive it of life—it is his instinct."

"And you have followed it like everybody else, Master Luz," said Marzou, smiling, "for I remember that you told me you once were a good hunter."

"When I lived on the mainland, yes; I thought, in those days, I had the right to take the life of any creature not bearing the human form. In coming here, I even bought a new gun; you can see it there, hanging near the door."

"And have you never used it?" asked Louis.

"Once, only," said Marillas, "on the first day. The boat had put back, and I found myself alone, when, like Robinson Crusoe, with my gun on my shoulder, I set out to make the tour of my domain. Sea-birds, gulls, and crows, that had never been frightened by hunting, lit on my head and flew around me, as if they wished to show me the island, and do for me the honors of my new kingdom. At first I thought only of the pleasure of hearing and seeing them. This was to me society; but when I arrived near the rocks, I bethought me of my gun, mechanically I raised it to my cheek, and three of the birds fell whirling into the sea. Instantly the noise of my firing dispersed all the others; I saw them one after the other fly towards those I had killed, they would skim the waves to approach nearer the sight of their dead mates, and then, as if terrified, fly screaming away. Some moments after there was not a single bird on the island."

"But they returned by evening?" said Louis.

"Neither in the evening, nor for several days," replied Marillas. "My rock became a desert, where I saw no living thing, where I heard but the sound of the surf on the beach. At first I troubled myself but little about it, but by degrees the solitude impressed me with sadness, I searched the four quarters of the heavens, I saw nothing but flocks of birds that passed over my island, without descending. The sixth day two gulls showed themselves on the side which we call the English beach—I dared not approach for fear of alarming them. On the morrow, some sea-mews made their appearance, then some crows, since then all have returned, I recovered my companions, and the devil take me, if I ever shoot at them again."

"I can understand," said Marzou, "how one can be content with the company of birds, when there is no other to be found; but on mainland you will find better."

"Dost think so," cried the Bernese, "and what is it I shall find there? Knaves, who devour each other? I can see enough of that here; I have but to look at the fishes."

"Enough said, Father Luz, you have one of your dark moods, to-day," said Louis, smiling, "but believe me, you will find good people everywhere."

"Have you found them?" asked Marillas, ironically. "You, whom they disdain at the village, because you know not the name of your father."

"It is a hard trial," said Louis, a little moved; "but I can bear it without complaining."

"Perhaps so; neither do I complain of my fever. What one cannot help, one bears silently; but in time this secret pain wears the heart. See, now, I know something about your chagrin, I have never known a father."

"You, Master Luz?"

"Yes; and it was this reproach which forced me to leave my native place; but bah! one gets used to any thing, and then life lasts but for a time, as they say. This will explain to you why I prefer to live with the gulls, rather than with men."

"I see, my good Father Luz," said Marzou, approaching him with a feeling of increased interest. "Oh, yes, I understand, for I have had moments when I would have been glad to have fled to some island, where I should never more hear a human voice."

Marillas looked at him fondly a moment.

"Indeed?" said he, bluntly. "Well, my lad, what is there then to prevent your coming here? There is room enough in the cabin for us both, and you know there is no one to count your mouthfuls."

"You are very good, Master Luz," replied Louis, "but I am not alone; see you, over there is a young one, not able to get along without his brother."

"Jaumice?" replied the sick man, "he has but to follow thee. We will find him also a porringer and stool. Of all those I have met here or elsewhere, you are the only one who has shown me friendship. If you are agreed, we three will make a household. You shall have your share of my profits, and the saints desert me, if I do not do better for you than for myself even!"

"God reward you for such generosity," cried Louis, much moved; "since I can remember, no one has ever spoken to me so kindly, and you are the first who has treated me as a relation and friend. Ah! Master Luz, if I should live as long as the rocks of your island, I will never forget it, and 'till the day of Judgment I shall thank you in my heart."

"Then it is agreed, you will come?" added the Bernese.

Marzou looked somewhat embarrassed, and hesitatingly commenced—

"I would wish to—yes—truly—I would wish—but one has some ideas—then there are some things—and when one is used—ah, well, you understand, I cannot—"

The stern eye of the invalid was upon Louis, who blushed, dropped his eyes, and stopped short.

"What I understand, is, that you are confused," said Luz, "but let us hear, have you any more advantageous offers?"

"None," replied Marzou, without raising his eyes.

"What prevents your coming then, if it is neither interest, friends or pleasure?"

Louis still bent his head.

"Then the matter is clear," cried the Bernese. "It can be but a woman who is in the case."

Marzou started and looked hastily behind him, as if afraid they might have been overheard.

The sick man pulled up the heifer skin on his shoulders with a movement of impatience.

"A woman," repeated he in an ironical tone, "I should have guessed as much, and on whom has your love fallen? tell me? on one above your station, is it not so? I, too, have eaten of this bread, when I had my first teeth, but the bran will come later. I hope you have chosen well, and that the creature is beautiful as a fairy?"

"She is a good girl, to whom Master Luz would do justice if he could see her," replied Marzou, with a certain firmness of tone.

"You believe it?" said the Bernese, sneeringly. "Yes! Yes! my boy, you have found a four-leaved clover, it is always so with youth. I would only know if you have not seen double when counting your leaves; Goran will tell me directly."

"For Heaven's sake do not mention it to Goran," said Louis seriously alarmed, "neither to Goran, nor to the Grand Luc."

"They then are interested here," said Marillas, and then as if remembering all at once, he added, "I see now, Goran had a daughter brought up at Guerande with an aunt, who has lately died, and about a year ago she was obliged to return to her father's roof."

Louis made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then it is she who has caught you in her net," continued the sick man, "but it seems to me—yes—I am sure I have heard it, that she has been promised to the Grand Luc. It is the wish of her father, but Niette has never consented. Because she prefers you? is it not so? Well, I see your history will not want for a contrary love, and this love will last as long as the opposition. Go, then, your own way, my poor boy. I will no longer propose to you to live here with me—remain on the continent—one must sing all the strains of their love songs 'tis said. In short, I can do without a companion, since I have Debruis, but is he not yet returned? Where can he be?"

"There he is," said the rough voice of the Grand Luc, who stepped from behind the cabin.

And approaching Marillas, he threw at his feet the sea-bird, which fell heavily on the earth, with its wings extended, the beak open, and with stiffened claws. The Bernese bent forward eagerly, and took the bird, which remained motionless in his hands.

"But he is dead," he exclaimed.

"For good," cried the Grand Luc, quietly.—"There is no doubt of it."

"You know then how this has happened," said Marillas, whose eyes flashed, whilst his voice trembled. "There is blood on his feathers. Debruis has been killed."

"Ah, well, don't get excited about such a trifle," replied the fisherman, shrugging his shoulders.

"Who has done it—tell me—who has done it?" demanded the Bernese.

The Grand Luc regarded him with a look in which the brutality and ferocity of the bull was mingled.

"Who?" replied he, "*pardieu!* some one that the bird has annoyed. He was always under my heels picking at my legs. To put a stop to it I kicked him, and by my faith he has not budged since."

The stupid laugh with which the Grand Luc accompanied these words was interrupted by the Bernese, who seized him by the throat.

"You, it was you," said he, in a voice choking with grief and anger. "You struck an animal that could not defend itself. You came here to kill him, and bring him to me dead, and then believe, contemptible man, that I will not call you to an account for your baseness?"

"Hold a moment," stuttered the gigantic seaman, bewildered at first by his violence. "Let me go, Master Luz—do you say any one has ill-treated any of your family?"

"Rather say *all* my family, dost thou understand? for he was my only companion—my only friend."

"So much the worse," brutally interrupted the seaman. "Let me go, I tell you."

Still the Bernese continued to shake him.

"You will not?" added he, "thunder! are you going to be as great a nuisance as your bird—or—if not—"

He had loosened from his collar the two hands of the invalid, whom he repulsed so rudely, as to cause him to fall back into the cabin. Marillas rose with a cry of rage, seized his gun, and levelled it at the Grand Luc. Marzou had scarcely time to throw his arm up, as he sprang before him—even then he could not have held him if the peasants, headed by Goran, had not arrived. All united to appease the wild anger of Marillas, but his exasperation permitted him to hear nothing. Crouched in the corner of his cabin, with the dead bird at his feet, his hand on the lock of his gun, Luz had something so terrible in his aspect, that every one retreated to the threshold.

"Begone!" shouted he, "and you, Lubert, remember, that sooner or later the feeble revenge themselves! Once more, I bid you begone! the island is mine, it is my property; embark at once, or by the God who made us, I will shoot you as so many thieves and assassins."

There was in his look, lighted by fever and rage, something so wild, that he was obeyed without further remonstrance. Marzou alone dared to approach him, but he showed him also the entrance with the barrel of his gun—repeating,

"All—all."

And as soon as they crossed the threshold, he threw himself against the door, which he barricaded.

The two fishermen and the peasants held a short council as to what was best to be done. Louis called to Marillas several times without receiving any other reply than a fresh injunction to be off. At last his companions persuaded him to set sail with them for Piriac.

CHAPTER II.

Some days after the visit of Goran to the Isle of Met, his daughter Niette was occupied spinning flax, seated near a door, which opened on to a little garden, situated near the back of the cottage. Her father had just left her to join the Grand Luc at the inn, and Marzou, who waited for his departure, no sooner saw him turn from the door, than he commenced noiselessly to scale the fence of brush by which the garden was surrounded. At his appearance, the young girl started as if surprised, but it was evident he had been expected.

"Jesu! but you have frightened me," she said with a smile that contradicted her words. "Is this the way you enter people's houses? What would the neighbors say if they saw you?"

"You know very well, Niette, that the neighbors are all in the fields," replied the young man, "and, besides, you have never forbidden me to enter in this way."

The young girl, finding nothing to say, appeared very much engaged in disentangling her thread, which every now and then she bit off with her little, pearly teeth. Marzou, profiting by this silence, seated himself on a stool at her feet, and remained there some moments, in a thoughtful mood. Niette was somewhat embarrassed by it, and, by way of interruption, asked him where his brother Jaumice had gone to, for she had seen him pass a few minutes before. Louis replied that he had sent him to Lerat, to see if there were any vessels to fish to-morrow near the Isle of Met.

"I feel very uneasy about Master Luz," he added, "for we left him very sick the other day, and I fear some misfortune may befall him."

"Do not allow yourself such thoughts," said the young girl, "if the Bernese felt himself in any danger, would he not raise his signal of distress?"

"I do not know," replied Marzou; "when we left him, he was so outraged about his crow, and Master Luz is like no one else. He would rather die alone, than ask a service of any one who may have injured him. If he still continues angry with us, he will die alone, without saying a word, like a wounded wolf in the wood. For my part, I shall never be able to console myself if he dies, for no man has ever shown me the kindness that he has. He has been as a brother to me, Niette, and only the other day he gave me a proof of his good will."

"How was it?" asked the young girl.

"In offering Jaumice and myself a place in his cabin, with a part of his profits."

"And you have refused?"

"One would think this surprises you, Niette," said Louis, looking her in the face.

She blushed and lowered her eyes.

"Every one must be led by his own wishes," replied she, pretending to spin more vigorously than ever.

"My wishes!" repeated Marzou; "do you believe, then, I could wish to leave the village whilst you remained here? In the name of Heaven do not tell me such things, Niette; you know very well, though my interest might be there, my heart will always be here."

And, as he saw her about to interrupt him, he added, hurriedly,

"Do not fear, I will speak to you again of my friendship. I said the other day all that I had treasured up a long time, and which had oppressed me till then, you have answered me, and now I can be silent and wait a happier time. But if you wish me to keep my courage, never, Niette, speak as if we were nothing to one another,—will you not promise, Niette?"

"Well, well, it is agreed," said the young girl, who strove to smile, in order to hide her emotion. "And as you do not yet read well enough to do without my assistance, suppose we commence."

"It is not for want of good will," said Louis, drawing from his pocket a prayer-book, whose worn binding and faded edges testified to its long service. Though this is a holy book, and the one which my mother used, (God bless her,) I scarcely ever thought of it, until the day you undertook to teach me to read—but since then I have never parted with it, and you can see I have marked each lesson."

At these words he opened the old volume, and showed between each of its pages pieces of dried leaves and flowers.

Niette smiled.

"Let us see, then, how much you have studied it."

In saying this she nodded pleasantly to Marzou, who drew his stool towards her, and placed himself at her feet, in the attitude of a gentle child.

The book, placed on the knees of the young girl, opened towards the middle, at a page marked by a colored image of the Mystic Virgin, pierced through the heart with the seven arrows. By chance or intentionally, as the case may have been, the book had opened at the marriage service. Annette placed the point of her spindle on the book, to indicate the line, and Marzou proceeded to read with much hesitation.

"Oh, God! regard with favor Thy servant, about to be united to her spouse; she implores Thy protection, grant that the yoke may be one of peace and love; that she be amiable as Rachel, wise as Rebecca, faithful as Sarah. Oh, Lord, Thou hast had mercy upon us, Thou hast taken pity on two orphans, and we will bless Thee for evermore."

Here the young man raised his eyes towards Niette.

"It is not I who speak, it is the book," said he, with a smile, "but do you not think, Niette, that Providence seems to give us encouragement?"

"Be quiet, Louis," replied the young girl, bending her head. "Providence does not trouble Himself with such small matters, and our fate depends on those who think not as we do."

"I know it, I know it," sadly rejoined Marzou, "your father, (may God soften his heart,) your father has always hated me, as if I had injured his reputation or property, but it is impossible for him always to retain his ill will towards a poor fellow without malice, who asks but the privilege of loving you. Yet if you continue to favor me by a preference, Niette, I will take heart. God will bring all right in good time, and we must have patience. Do not the birds wait the spring-time?"

"Yes," softly said the peasant girl, apparently busy in freeing her distaff from some small shreds of flax, "but in their case, there is no Grand Luc."

Louis started, and his face, habitually pale, flushed scarlet.

"Has he, then, spoken love to you?" asked he, in accents low and hurried.

"Not himself," replied Annette, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders. "Could the Grand Luc speak to a woman, think you? But some one has spoken for him."

Then she related to him, in a tone of suppressed emotion, how her father had persecuted her with proposals on the subject of their neighbor, whom he wished to make, at all risks, his son-in-law.

Though Marzou, like every one else had his suspicions, still these disclosures had the effect of dispersing all his anticipations of better fortune. The young girl, however, who only wished to moderate his confidence, found she had gone too far. She tried then to inspire him with some of his former courage, but Louis, now fallen from the pinnacle of his bright dreams, seemed obstinately determined to look upon matters in their most gloomy aspect. He contrasted his poverty with the opulence of his rival, and the almost contemptuous feeling with which he had always been regarded, with the respect which the immense physical strength of the Grand Luc had always inspired, and then, as if stung to the quick by these unhappy comparisons, he recalled all the misery and desolation of his childhood—only to feel that happiness and he were not made for each other. Completely overwhelmed by these sad thoughts, he felt as if life was no longer supportable, since it was necessary to abandon the sole hope which had lightened the burdens of his otherwise dreary fate.

These expressions of despair caused serious alarm to the young girl. In order to disperse these dark clouds, which the gloomy forebodings of her lover had conjured up, Niette tried to console him by tender reproaches, and, above all, by holding out some reasons for hope. In the midst of her kind remonstrances she heard her father's voice; she rose, surprised and alarmed at his early return, and signed to Marzou, who sprang into the garden. At the same moment the street door opened, and Goron entered, followed by the Grand Luc.

Though they had not stayed so long at the inn as usual, yet their flushed faces, their loud voices, and more than all, their unsteady movements proved them to be half intoxicated, which affected these two men differently. The father of Niette was twice as imperious as usual, whilst Lubert seemed almost stupified. The young girl, who saw at a glance the state of affairs, drew away as if she waited only a chance to escape from the room; but the Grand Luc, who saw her first, pointed her out to Goran, and with a coarse laugh exclaimed,

"There she is, neighbor—there she is."

"Then keep her," replied the fisherman, who approached the hearth to relight his pipe.

Lubert took the recommendation literally, and wanted to seize the young girl, who escaped him with a cry.

With an awkward piteous air he turned towards the seaman.

"Ah! you see she will not," said he, disconcerted.

Niette had in fact gained the door, and stood on the threshold ready to escape.

"If an honest girl can stay here no longer without being tormented," said she, in a voice trembling with indignation more than with fear, "she may find elsewhere better company."

"What is all that?" cried Goran, knitting his heavy brows, "where is the honest girl who seeks a home out of her father's house?"

Niette hesitated before making a reply, meanwhile Goran continued violently,

"Peace, shut that door and come here. I want to talk to you, girl. See here, good fellow," looking at Luc, "and now for a glass of grog to brighten our wits."

Goran had placed on the table a bottle of brandy, with two glasses, the Grand Luc had seated himself opposite, whilst the young girl, who had obeyed slowly the injunctions of her father, stood apart some little distance regarding the two drinkers with a troubled gaze, which soon fell, however, before the imperious look of her father.

"Then," said he, plunging at once into the subject of his thoughts without any prelude whatever, "let us delay this matter no longer. Yes, we will settle this affair at once. Come here, *Cobrian*, and let us together talk like good Christians."

Niette felt somewhat reassured when she heard herself called by this name, one she had received from the shore people in her childhood on account of the color of her hair, which was as black as the plumage of the crow. She approached with a sad smile.

"Thou hast not forgotten," continued Goran, "what I told thee of the good intentions of the Grand Luc in respect to thee? Ah! well! the fellow perseveres; he wishes the thing settled. So to-day we have arranged all finally, and he who backs out will be a knave, is it not so, Grand Luc?"

"A double knave," repeated Lubert, delighted to be able even to echo his friend.

"What we mean," continued Goran, "is to announce this to you in a kindly way, but understand, we have no time to reason the matter."

"No time, indeed!" again echoed Lubert.

"And now," said Goran, "I warn thee to make no opposition, for it is but the duty of a child to obey—besides, thou wilt not have cause to repent my choice, for he whom you see there, pointing to Lubert, is able and willing to fill a purse long enough to reach to your feet. Have I not said true, my good sailor?"

"I will indeed do all this," said the Grand Luc, who was decidedly in the humor of endorsing the promises of his intended father-in-law.

"Then all is settled, and now kiss her, my boy."

Lubert sprang forward to seize the young girl, who till this moment had remained motionless as if struck dumb. Now, however, she recoiled from the intended salute, with a gesture so expressive, that the fisherman was arrested in his purpose.

"Do not be in such haste, Grand Luc," said Niette, who was a little pale, "it is necessary that a girl says yes before you can marry her."

"You do not mean that you refuse the sailor?" cried Goran, glaring at her with his sparkling eyes.

The eyelids of the young peasant trembled. She could no longer return his gaze; but she said in a low voice,

"The poorest creatures have free choice of their masters, and my father will not refuse to give me to the Virgin if it is my wish."

"That I will not!" cried Niette, whose excitement increased her despair.

Goran seized the young girl by the arm and drew her rudely towards him, until his burning face almost touched that of the poor child.

"You will not?" repeated he with compressed lips.

"No!" replied Niette, whose spirit rose when so menaced. "Sooner kill me."

The mariner sprang to his feet with a movement so violent, and a malediction so furious, that Lubert himself was startled; the young girl closed her eyes in expectation of the blow, but shrank not from the spot where she stood. It may be this unexpected firmness made an impression, or perhaps he was still master of himself, for Goran desisted from his design, and lowered his arm without striking. He revenged himself, however, in exhausting his vocabulary of reproaches and insults. Niette, who had nerved herself till now for a desperate resistance, seemed suddenly to lose all courage. Prepared to receive the violence of her father, with all the patience she could command, she found herself surprised by this storm of words, her tears commenced to flow, and she hid her face at last in her little apron. Far from being appeased, however, Goran seemed to find but a new provocation in her grief.

"Weep away! wicked girl," cried he, "yes; weep as if thy heart contained all the springs of the ocean—it is only water, and what cares a sailor for that? Ah! you wish to resist your master? we will see! we will know which is the strongest, my will or your whims! for as you have nothing to say, you can give no reason, unless it may be that you have a mind to brave me. Is this so? Answer! Has not the sailor everything that can make woman happy, unless indeed, her head be turned with some one else?" As if this last idea had all at once enlightened him, he continued violently, "If it were really the cause—have I guessed right? Yes or no? Ah! what have you to say?" He had rudely snatched the apron from the face of the young girl who stood with downcast eyes, blushing with embarrassment, and trying to turn away her head. Goran clapped his hands.

"Ah, here is the secret!" cried he, impetuously; "there is then a hidden lover! But his name! his name! I have never seen you speak to any of our young men."

"It is only Louis Marzou, that she talks with," said Lubert, without seeming to comprehend the weight of his suggestion.

At the name of Marzou, the young girl had not been able to repress a slight movement, which her father remarked too well.

"Louis!" cried he, and his gaze seemed to penetrate her very soul. "Yes, it must be Marzou, at this hour, now I think of it; the fool is always here—it is he who carries the water, and digs the garden—and in gratitude for these services, Niette teaches him to read. I'll wager he was in the house when we entered; I certainly heard the door shut;" and as he was advancing towards the door which opened into the garden, he stopped suddenly, as his eye rested on the book which Louis, in his haste to escape, had left on the stool.

"Here we have his book!" cried he, picking it up; "and, as I live, it is still open where he was reading at the marriage service! You foolish girl, is it really true? This your choice? a vagabond who lives on the refuse of the sea! A coward, that the sailor will break like a straw! And do you think that I would receive such a son-in-law? I would rather carry you to the great rocks, and throw you headlong into the sea."

"Do it then, if you will," said Niette, in whose veins the blood of her father began to rise at this threat.

"Be quiet!" interrupted Goron, unable to restrain his passion. "We will have a reckoning in future. Now I am going to settle this with Marzou. Come, sailor, this concerns you as well as me."

Lubert rose, Niette alarmed, threw herself before them.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"To rid the country of a knave," replied Goron, buttoning his vest, as was his habit, when he had determined on any course of action. "Now, we are going to look for my boat, at Turball, and if we find the bastard on our road, let him look to himself."

"The rascal!" repeated the Grand Luc, who doubled his gigantic fists, with an expression of brutal anger.

Niette, with clasped hands, wished to detain her father, but he pushed her roughly aside, and went out, followed by his companion.

The young girl at first stood stunned, and uncertain what she should do, knowing from experience, all there was to be feared from the fury of Goron. Twice already his violence had brought him into trouble with the magistrates, and Marzou perhaps might be a victim to his first impulse of rage. The Grand Luc too, though never a leader, was sometimes drawn into a quarrel by the example of others. He was, when excited, like some terrible machine, whose force once placed in motion, no earthly power could stop it.

With her hands pressing her heart, which beat as if it would burst, her cheeks on fire, and her eyes bathed in tears, Annette sank on a bench, and murmured an inarticulate prayer. Suddenly she rose, and wiping her eyes, she remembered it was the usual hour for Marzou to be at the Spanish rocks, to attend to setting out his lines. In driving home her cow from pasture, she could pass the beach, see Louis, and warn him to avoid by all possible means, a meeting with her father and Lubert. Her resolution taken, she started, following the road which led her back of the village, in order to avoid the remarks of the neighbors. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOBRIETY OF THE GREEKS.—The food of an English laborer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population eats meat at Easter for the whole year. I do not believe a Greek ever died of indigestion.—Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but water-drinkers. They would have scruples about passing by a fountain without drinking at it; but if they enter a tavern it is to chatter. The coffee-houses of Athens are full of people, and at all hours; but the customers do not take strong liquors, they ask for a cup of coffee at a penny, a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominoes; they then have enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead-drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the kingdom. It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination for any kind of excesses, and that they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety.

This sobriety naturally explains the fact that insanity is rare in Greece. Madness also is a malady excessively rare in the kingdom. An hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens; it will never be necessary to build one for madmen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and to the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,		$5,00 a year.
Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
Thirteen "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
Twenty "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. R. expresses his warm interest in the Post, and his determination to show it by sending on a "long list of new subscribers" at the close of the year. We are obliged to W. C. R. for his good intentions, and trust there are many others that have made up their minds to do the same.

B. N. H. wishes to know whether the phrase "We are a Pennsylvanian," is correct. In our opinion, it is. Not that the strict rules of grammar authorize it, any more than they do the using of the plural *you* to one person; but because it is authorized by custom. Editors use *we* to obviate the egotism of *I*; and to say "We are a Pennsylvanian," is certainly better than to say We is a Pennsylvanian. To say We are Pennsylvanians, would imply, not only that the writer of the article is a Pennsylvanian, but some one else also. By the way, as our correspondent is so good at questions, let us ask him where he finds authority to spell parm *pwire*. It is a dangerous business, this criticising editors—for very few men can fill a page of letter-paper without one or more blunders in it.

CONGRESSIONAL PAY.

We regret to notice in several quarters a disposition to get up a hue and cry against the members of the present Congress, for the act recently passed by them relative to their pay. In some cases this is done by editors who if asked whether they would consider the sum of $3,000 a year a fair compensation for their services, would reply that an offer of double, or even treble that amount, would not reimburse them for abandoning their private business to enter into the service of the country. In other cases, it is done by those who, living in rural districts, are unaware of what it costs to maintain a family in all cities—where every thing has to be paid for—and especially in a city like Washington.

Upon individuals of the former class, argument probably would be wasted—as they already understand the facts and reasons of the case, but are either too obstinate or too cranky for convincement. They have got the notion in their heads, either that any kind of talent is good enough for a Congressman, or that good talent can be procured by the State at from one-fourth to one-half the price that an individual must pay for it. They think, because they choose to think it, that a President should be paid $25,000 a year, and have his house, and that furnished, into the bargain—that a Foreign Minister should be paid $9,000 a year, and $9,000 more as an outfit—that a Member of the Cabinet should be paid $8,000 a year—that the Heads of Bureaus in all the Departments should be paid $3,000 and upwards—that even the Clerk of the House of Representatives should receive $2,000—but that a Senator or a Representative should receive only his eight dollars a day, amounting probably to some $1,500 per annum.

To this class, who know all the facts of the case, we have very little to say. But to the class who are disposed to censure the recent increase of Congressional compensation, because they are not acquainted with the facts and reasons, we beg leave to offer a few observations.

And, in the first place, we would call their attention to the disproportion, as shown above, between the pay of the Executive officers of the Government and of the members of Congress. Why is not the position of a Senator, for instance, quite as high and important a one as that of Foreign Minister? It may be answered that the latter is compelled to incur great expenses in living abroad; but is not the former also at home? The Foreign Minister wishes to live and entertain in a manner suitable to his position as a representative of the country—may not the Senator wish to do the same thing, as the representative of a sovereign State?

But individuals living in the country are apt, as we have said, to have a very erroneous impression of the cost of living in the cities. The ready money that they spend themselves is so small, that they forget what their own expenses, reduced to dollars and cents, really are. Vegetables from the garden, fruit from the orchard, grain from the field, they count almost as nothing—but, in the cities, even the least of these must be paid for—and at city prices.

Now, is it more than right, when a man is elected to Congress, that he should be paid sufficient to enable him to live as all fair livers do at home. Should he not have enough to enable him to take his family with him to Washington, and reside there, especially through the long session, in a respectable, comfortable style? For our part, we think that the practice of members taking their families with them ought to be encouraged in every reasonable way. The morality of Washington would be greatly improved by the general observance of such a practice. The members would be more reliable and better agents of the people, from the influence perpetually exerted upon them by their wives and children.

And now as to the expense of maintaining a family in a city. This has increased very much of late years. Some estimate that $3,000 will go no further now than $2,000 would ten years ago. A country gentleman, always used to having his carriage and horses, will see no reason why he should give them up, because he has been elected a member of Congress—but the extra cost of keeping a carriage and two horses in the cities, may be put down as at least $500 a year. When a driver also is kept, and things are done with any style, the cost is generally estimated at double that amount.

A member of Congress from Ohio, Mr. Giddings, puts this matter in a very clear light. Mr. Giddings has somewhat the reputation of a "fanatic," but he certainly talks very sensibly upon this question. He says—and he has the advantage of a very long experience—being the oldest member of the House:—

I have been here many years. When I came I had four children to educate, and myself and wife to support. I had been accustomed to labor; so had Mrs. Giddings. We taught our children to labor. I could not bring them with me to educate them here and enjoy their society. I had not the means to do it, and my mileage and per diem fell far short of defraying such expenses.

I was, therefore, constrained to separate myself from them, and from all the domestic comforts peculiar to a humble home, during the sessions of Congress.

While here, I have sought retired but comfortable boarding. I have been careful to spend nothing more than was actually necessary for a man of few wants. In this way I have been able to get along, but have not been able to save anything.

Other members have attended to their professions in order to maintain a practice that would insure their support; others have attended to agencies here; others have turned their attention to other matters, in order to accumulate something for future support. I do not blame them, but one thing I will say, that just so much of their attention as they have bestowed on other subjects has been taken from the public service.

While I have thus been banished from my home and family, I have labored as many hours as any farmer in my district, while they have remained with their families, attended to their own pecuniary affairs, educated their children, and made more or less addition to their property.

In my own county, there is a Sheriff, Clerk of the Court, Auditor, Treasurer and Probate Judge, elected by the people. They all live in their own houses, attend to their own private business as well as their public duties; and not one of them probably saves less than from $500 to $1,000 per year. And not one of these officers can come to Washington and bring their families, keep the same horse and carriage they now do, and enjoy the same comforts of life, under our new Compensation Bill, and save as much money as they now do.

I make these remarks that I may be understood, when I say that I have served my constituents faithfully. I have toiled to the extent of my physical and intellectual ability, and I know they are willing that I shall have a fair and honest pecuniary compensation. Such a compensation as will enable me to save something if I live as prudently as I have done, to save up as much as an ordinary farmer of my district, or as our county officers do.

I will also state another case. A friend whom I have long known, a man of modest, retiring manners, of prudent habits, but accustomed to domestic comforts, was persuaded to be a candidate for Congress. When elected, he had an amiable wife and two lovely daughters. Unfortunately, the wife died. He could not separate himself from his daughters. They came with him. He looked around for a suitable location. Deeming it necessary to be economical, the daughters agreed to occupy but one room. He must have one to himself, and they must have a parlor in which to receive company. Now, all this would appear necessary for a member of Congress. For three rooms, board, fuel, and lights for himself and daughters, he paid $60 per week, being something more than his per diem under the new bill.

Sixty dollars a week for board alone! That will give our readers an idea of the cost of living in Washington. Of course, in the above case, to be added into the member's expenses, were the cost of clothing, and that indefinite number of little items, so difficult to enumerate, but so astonishing in amount.

Some may say that a citizen should be willing to serve his country, not for lucre, nor for creature comforts, but for Patriotism! But we very much question whether Patriotism requires any man to serve his fellow citizens for half-price, when said fellow citizens are abundantly able to pay adequate wages. If a man's abilities are such that he can make $3,000 a year in his business or profession, why should he give his fellow citizens the use of those abilities for $1,500? If they need them greatly, and cannot afford to give more—that is one thing. It is then a clear case for the exercise of patriotic feeling. But, if they can well afford to give more, he is not called to encourage them in any such stinginess. "Do you want anything?" says the old proverb. "*Pay the price* and take it."

It must be remembered that in the growth of these United States, they are increasing vastly in wealth as well as in numbers and extent of cultivated territory. The rewards of life consequently are becoming very great also—and vast fortunes and mighty influences are holding out their hands to the enterprising and highly gifted, asking them to come and take them. If the State has no such rewards also to offer, the State must endure the penalty—the absence of the ablest and best from her service. And the consequence of the administration of the Government falling into incompetent hands, may be the loss of the respect of the people. Political incapability and dishonesty are not far from general contempt—and when a Government becomes an object of general contempt, the day of its death is not very distant.

Therefore, if we would preserve this republican form of government, we must see to it that we enlist in its service—alike in the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial departments—a fair proportion of the best talent of the country. That talent, in the *long run, will rule—fairly or unfairly.* It also will have its adequate rewards for its services, or give those services in more generous quarters. Therefore, an excess of parsimony may prove as fatal as an excess of extravagance—as a noble ship, built at great expense, and well manned, may go to the bottom on her first voyage, because the owners would not pay for the best ability to officer and command her.

DOMESTIC HELP.

Several weeks ago, one of our highly respectable city contemporaries indulged itself in a leader upon the difficulties and vexations connected with the important subject of domestic "help." It was evident that our sage contemporary felt it rather a descent from its dignity to treat of so insignificant a subject at all—but necessity, it is said, has no law; and even the most dignified editor may be compelled to cry out in dissatisfaction, when he finds the beefsteak burnt to a cinder, or no coffee prepared for breakfast.

Our staid contemporary, in its righteous anger, had no patience with the nonsense with which some philanthropic people satisfy themselves, that it is as much the fault of the mistress as the maid—but exclaimed indignantly:—

We are accustomed to hear such remarks as we have been making answered by platitudes concerning "the duties of employers," "unjust exactions," "mutual rights," &c., until we are utterly sick of listening to such nonsense. We venture to say that, if duty were done to mistresses half as well as it is done by them, in the main, (aside from pieces of kindness and considerate attention not in the line of duty, which are constantly occurring, without any parade being made of them,) if they received a tithe of the justice they give—if they had any rights recognized by servants, the difficulty would cease, and the myth again become a reality. As the matter now stands it is simply a verbal contract, in which all the security is on one side, and all the risk on the other. If the girl turns out too worthless to be kept, no matter on what false pretences she obtained her place, her employer must make choice between paying full wages for services not performed, or receiving a visit from a constable. On the other hand, what remedy has the mistress, for such a failure of contract on the part of her servant? Or for being left without help, such as it is, at any moment? It may be said that she has the same privilege of summary dismissal that her girl has of summary departure; so she has; and if employers were as unscrupulous as their servants generally are, and paid as little attention to rights which the law does not guard, the scales would be more equally balanced; but so far as our acquaintance extends, we know not a single one who (except for some unbearable outbreak) would not feel herself bound in conscience to give the usual week's warning, or a week's wages.

In all of which, we may observe, we are disposed to agree. We think that American mistresses, as a general thing, are among the most patient, charitable, and considerate persons in authority on the broad earth. And we can account for their troubles and vexations only as we account for the troubles of Job—that patience may be perfected. And further, that being as they are, they are the only mistresses extant who would be capable of getting along with, and thus teaching, developing and improving some of the most difficult material ever given to try the temper of poor, finite men and women.

But while admitting the vexations resulting from the difficulty in finding and keeping good "help" in these Northern States, let us not forget that these difficulties are in a great degree the natural result of the unequalled circumstances of our poorer classes. In proportion as the avenues of prosperity and advancement are open in a land to the great masses of the people, will the number of those willing to occupy the position of house servants be small, and their character often inferior. The ablest and most energetic of the men of the poorer classes, in a country like this, naturally will desire to become landholders themselves; and they will move out West, in order to realize their golden dreams, taking many of the women with them. If this state of affairs does result in some inconveniences to those who desire to obtain good help in their families, is it a thing to be deplored? Everything, however good, is apt to have its modicum of disadvantage; as there is scarcely anything, however bad, but what has its *modicum* of benefit. Our rule of society, is the greatest good *of all*, not alone of a few. How much better to have a country in which almost every poor man can buy himself a farm of his own, even if the best of the poorer classes take advantage of the privilege somewhat to the discomfort of those who are wealthier, than to have millions of paupers like England, and the best servants in the world.

Ah, as we fill up those great Western solitudes—and we are doing it with marvellous rapidity—the poor will be more hemmed in, will have fewer opportunities of advancement, and will thus afford employers a superior order of domestics. But what is the gain of the one, will be doubly the loss of the other. Let us trust, however, that before the coming of that day, a higher faith will have taught mankind a more perfect civilization, in which Love shall work out riddles which we see not now how to solve, and in which the best good of each class will be obtained in harmonious conjunction with the highest good and happiness of all.

DEATH OF MR. SPROAT.

We regret to announce the recent death of Mr. James L. Sproat, formerly connected with this paper as Assistant Editor. Mr. Sproat left this city in the Spring on a tour to Europe for the benefit of his health, suffering from a pulmonary affection. Upon his return, he took passage in the ship Manilla, which was wrecked on the 10th of August, off Timbalier Island. The *New Orleans Picayune* says:—

Captain Rogers arrived at the Southwest Pass in the forenoon of Saturday, 9th ult. He then took a pilot and two towboats, but could not succeed in getting the ship over the bar. He therefore backed into deep water, and let down both anchors ahead, and lowered the royal and top-gallant yards fore and aft. On Sunday, the 10th, the gale still increasing, he saw no hopes of holding on; and, therefore, at 8 o'clock, A. M., slipped both cables, and made all possible sail on the ship, the wind at the time being about E. N. E. At 10, A. M., the wind still increasing, and hauling to the southward and eastward, he had no command over the ship, all the sails having been lost. The ship then drifted to the westward, and at 3, P. M., shipped a sea, which carried away the wheelhouse and lee bulwarks, opened the water ways and rudder case, and carried away the long boat; while, at the same time, the ship was leaking badly. She had three cabin and eleven steerage passengers. Two of the former, and three of the latter, were drowned.

THE ARMY BILL PASSED.

The Army Bill passed on Saturday, the Proviso having been stricken out by the Senate, and concurred in by the House—the vote in the latter body being 101 yeas to 93 nays.

The Proviso, as it finally stood, was as follows:—

"That no part of the military force of the United States, for the support of which appropriations are made by this act, shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any act heretofore passed by the bodies claiming to be the territorial Legislature of Kansas."

This was the very furthest extent to which the Republicans would go in paring down the original Proviso. The vote in the Senate upon striking out this clause was yeas 26, nays 7. And the majority of the House, as we have said, finally concurred with the Senate—the Democrats and Southern Americans voting in the affirmative, the Republicans in the negative, and four Northern Americans throwing the balance of power in favor of the former. Twenty Northern members, in the whole, voted for concurring with the Senate in striking out the proviso, viz:—Messrs. Cadwalader, Denver, Florence, Fuller of Maine, Hall of Iowa, Harris of Illinois, Scott, *Harrison* of Ohio, *Haven*, Hickman, Kelly, Marshall of Illinois, Miller of Indiana, Packer, Peck, *Tyson*, Vail, Wells, Jr., Wheeler, *Whitney*, and Williams—16 Democrats and 4 Americans.

TO KEEP FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.—We see the following in one of our exchanges:—

In 1836, Mr. Spence communicated to the Transactions of the Entomological Society the means of excluding flies from a room with unclosed windows, by covering the openings of such windows with a net made of white or light-colored thread, with meshes an inch or more in diameter. Now, there was no physical obstacle whatever to the entrance of the flies, every separate mesh being not merely large enough to admit one fly, but several, even with expanded wings, to pass through at the same moment; consequently, both as to the free admission of air, and of the flies, there was practically no greater impediment than if the windows were entirely open; the flies being excluded simply from some dread of venturing across the thread-work. The only condition is, that the light enter the room on one side only; for if there be a thorough light from an opposite window, the flies will pass through the net. Mr. Spence first saw this mode practiced near Florence, by a gentleman who had seen it adopted either in the monastery of Camaldoli or La Verna. A passage in Herodotus records that the fishermen, in his time, were similarly protected from gnats while asleep, by covering themselves with their casting-nets, through the meshes of which the gnats would not pass. Thus Herodotus is as correct in this passage as Geoffry St. Hillaire showed him to be in the history of a bird taking the gnats out of the mouth of the crocodile, which was deemed a mere fable, until confirmed by the evidence of St. Hillaire, when in Egypt.

A much better plan to keep the flies out of houses, than the one mentioned above, is to have the meshes so small that the flies not only will not, but cannot enter, whether the light is admitted from only one side or not. Common musquito netting answers very well, as we know by very pleasant experience. It admits the air, and keeps out not only flies, but also various other flying pests which annoy you in the summer season—especially in the evenings, when the lamps are lighted. Such musquito netting, stretched tightly across frames fitted into both windows and doors, will not only prevent a great deal of annoyance, but will prove positively economical in the end, by saving paint and paper from fly-marks, and the former from a great deal of scrubbing.

One suggestion we may make which is worth attending to. The netting should not be tacked to the frame which fits in the window, but to an inner frame opening like a shutter which is fastened by hinges to the outer frame—so that the latter can be opened, and the outside shutters bowed or closed, without the necessity of taking the frame out of the window. An ingenious mechanic can easily construct such frames, which will fit immediately below the lower sash, when it is hoisted, and will only need to be taken out when the sash needs to be lowered. The outside frame should be hinged in the middle, in order that it may be inserted immediately under the lifted sash.

CORRUPTION IN THE STATE HOUSE ROW.—We see it stated, on the authority of a member of the Common Council of this city, that the "vilest corruption" has been practiced in some of the city offices. According to the late Report of the Controller, the City Commissioners expended last year for "blank books, binding, and stationery," the sum of *sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and three dollars and thirty nine cents!* And the principal part of this enormous amount was laid out for books for the officers in State House Row! That sum would purchase a great many blank books, and a considerable quantity of stationery; and it is rather difficult to conceive that such a large amount was honestly expended.

Some persons have expressed a little surprise at seeing individuals enter certain city offices poor, and leave them, in a short time, comparatively well off. But these should remember the story of the Miller and the Fool. The latter admitted that he did not know much, but one thing he knew, and another he did not know. Well, what were they? He knew that the miller's horses looked fat—but he did not know where the grain came from.

In conclusion, if there has been the "vilest corruption" in the State House Row, we trust the Councils will appoint keen-eyed committees to ferret it out. Everybody should go in for the exposure of rogues, "without distinction of party."

THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

In another part of our paper will be found the advertisement of the Annual Commencement of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, located in Philadelphia, at No. 229 Arch street.

This institution has been in successful operation for about six years, and now announces its Winter Course to commence in October next under very favorable circumstances. A number of our most respectable citizens have become interested in the College, and have contributed their influence and pecuniary aid to its support.

The College has been refitted, the Museum rearranged, and many interesting additions made thereto. The Lecture-Rooms also have been rearranged and additional facilities added so as to enhance the comfort and convenience of the Professors and Students.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.—At the recent County Convention of the friends of Mr. Fillmore, in this city, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the candidates nominated by this Convention are hereby instructed to advocate and vote for a law defining and limiting the power of the Judges of our State Courts, which they have, to punish for contempt of court.

The above resolution was offered by Mr. Nicholas T. Thorn, and advocated by the President of the Convention, Mr. Samuel Lloyd. While the resolution is a little awkwardly worded, the words "which they have" being entirely superfluous, the object of it is a highly commendable one, and Mr. Thorn deserves credit for bringing the subject before the Convention. It was a right word in the right place. It is highly important that the power of the Judiciary to punish for alleged contempt, should be strictly defined and limited by statute. Recent events have shown how grossly that power can be abused—and what a Federal Judge has done, a State Judge also may do. We trust therefore that the Legislature, at its next session, will take such action as the security of the citizen from unjust fines and imprisonment demands; and thus set an example to our sister States and to Congress.

New Publications.

THE EDOSSAIM. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The second part of Mr. Coventry Patmore's poem entitled "The Angel of the House"—comes to us with the above caption. We think it inferior to the first part, poetically considered, and we think the first part much below the highest standard of the Muse. In a true poem, the thought and the expression thereof, are at once poetical. Poetry aims to produce a certain effect in the mind of the reader, peculiarly distinct from the effect of prose. Even a thought in itself essentially poetical, ceases to appear so when expressed unfelicitously. And on the other hand, no poetic felicity of expression can make poetical a prosaic thought. The thought and the expression must have corresponding qualities. Milton's phrase—"Lybian sirs married to immortal verse"—hints a definition of poetry. "Mix as much poetry with your prose as you like," says Wilson, "and you improve it; but mix any prose with your poetry, and you spoil it at once." Coventry Patmore spoils his poetry in the mixing, continually. Moreover, his "immortal verse"—and his own conceit claims the verse to be nothing less than immortal—is married very often to any but "Lybian sirs." His "rhythm and number" are of the crabbedest. The stanza seldom glides in music. Many of his best thoughts fail of appreciation because expressed in language which not only lacks the essential poetical character of verbal melody but all elegance and clearness. On the other hand, prosaic thoughts which have no business in a poem, exhibit their ugliness in relatively felicitous phrase. The general poetic effect intended in the "Angel of the House," is thus sadly clouded by injudicious and unskillful treatment.

This judgment may seem severe. But what poetic character attaches to such a quatrain as the following?

"And words were growing vain, when Briggs,
Factotum, Butler, Footman, Groom,
Who helped the gardener, fed the pigs,
Preserved the game, and drove the brougham, etc."

Or to this?—(Vaughan's children have interrupted their father as he commences the recital of the poem, by bringing in a hedgehog, who shows fight.)

"The Bard who this untimely hitch,
Bore with a calm magnanimous,
(The hedgehog kicked into a ditch,
And Venus soothed,) proceeded thus—"

Here is a quatrain which reminds us of the difficulties we have had in defining the relation borne by some person, when we were told that that person was "Mr. Blank's mother's aunt's sister's cousin's son!"

"I saw him kiss your cheek!" "'Tis true."
"Oh, modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept;
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept!"

Infelicity of expression could hardly attain a more absurd form than in the line italicised.

Will anybody say that the following stanza is poetry?—

"A road's a road, though worn to ruts;
They speed who travel straight thereis;
But he who tacks and trips short suits
Gets praise of fools and breaks his shin."

Here is more oddity of expression:

"Kind souls, you wonder why, love you,
When you, you wonder why, love none;"

These things occur very frequently. Moreover the poem is disfigured with passages of the plainest prose; for instance:

"Good Mrs. Fife to my—'The Dean—is he at home?'—said—'No, sir, but Miss Honor is'—and straight, not asking if I'd come, announced me—'Mr. Felix, Miss'—to Mildred in the study. There we talked, she working. We agreed the day was fine; the Fancy Fair successful." "Did I ever read De Genlis?" "No." "I must. She had heard I was engaged." "To whom?" "Miss Fry. Was it the fact?" "No." "On my word? What scandal people talked! Would I hold out this skein of silk?" So passed, I know not how much time, away," etc.

Now would anyone, reading the foregoing passage as we have printed it, imagine that he was reading anything but prose? Yet Mr. Patmore has actually *forced* it into metrical form! Our readers may amuse themselves with re-arranging it from our version into the shape it wears in the volume; and here is more of the same sort—there are several such passages in the book:

"Dear Felix!" "Dearest Honor!" "There was Aunt Maud's noisy knock and ring.—Stop, Felix; you have caught my hair. Thanks. Is it smooth? Now will you bring my screen? Good-morning, aunt!" "Why, Fuss, you look magnificent, today."

Again:

"What's this?" "Miss Gussett's Fashion Book. Do you like flounced or plain skirts best?" "Oh, flounced, like yours. These gathers look too straight: I like them thus—recessed." "That fashion's old." "You've charming taste in colors; dim grey with a dash of gayest azure at the waist. How I should like to have that sash! Oh, thanks! What narrow boundaries hold my world! You are so fair—but, dear, you must be tired of being told." "Oh, no, Love." "Are you pleased to hear?" "I would of course seem fair to you."

What are these passages but awkward prose? Their subject-matter we think every one will allow unworthy to occupy place in a poem. It is the merest chit-chat, and would be trivial even in a fashionable novel. We would not be understood to say that the poem is entirely made up of such stuff; but it occurs with sufficient frequency to mar effectually all attempts at poetic symmetry and beauty. The volume has entire pages of thoughts, more or less worthy, actually forced laboriously into metrical bounds. There is little spontaneity of expression; and much hardness, harshness, awkwardness, and difficulty. We are continually offended with airs of conceit, pedantry and fantasticality both of language and reflection. The author's ideal of poetry is entirely indefensible. The common, everyday talk and incidents of life are not in themselves poetical, but Mr. Patmore introduces them constantly as if they were. Versified commonplaces only attain to poetic dignity when introduced as auxiliary to the production of a certain poetic effect, or when they are made significant of a truth and beauty not in them. What relation has the chat with Mildred in the study—or the talk about Miss Gussett's Fashion Book and the sash—with the purpose of the poem—to wit, the exaltation of chaste and noble human love? We cannot establish any.

The divisional arrangement of the poem is quaint and artificial. For instance, the narrative of the "Espousals" is contained in twelve idyls; but each of these is preluded by five or six lays fantastically labelled "The Accompaniments," "The Song of Songs," "Beulah," "Orpheus," "The Sentences," "The Pearl," and so on. Many of these contain fine thoughts, but their introduction destroys the poetic unity of the work, and they must be considered as many interrupting hitches and snags. Collected and printed by themselves, they would be well enough; but interpolated as they are, they only stamp the poem with a character of blended grotesqueness and artificiality. No doubt Mr. Patmore got the idea of this curious arrangement from the compositions of the troubadours of the Middle Ages. Such fantasticalities mark the construction of the verse of the chivalric periods. Our readers will find a convenient analogous instance in Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote;* and if they choose to go mousing beyond Camoens and Tasso, among the effusions of such singers as Abbon, William of Poictiers, Rudal, and the thousand-and-one bards of antique love and chivalry, they will see from what cow Mr. Patmore has drawn the milk not only of his metrical form, but of his general inspiration. Of course this imitation of antique models is of necessity incongruous with the modern localities and incidents of the poem. The architectural character of the verse is necessarily fantastical, because it is a jumble of old styles and new. The sweet and simple lilies and violets of English love are not fine enough in themselves for Mr. Patmore; he must gild the petals of the one with gold scraped from the blazons of old shields, and add to the odor of the other the a la mode essences of the ancient court perfumers.

We find a great deal to criticise in the "Espousals." Fortunately, there is also much to praise.—Setting all its faults aside, we think that some of the truest and tenderest things that have been written on the theme of Love, are contained in these two books of "The Angel of the House." The poet has no mastery over the mechanism of his art; he is prone to wander widely on both sides of the line which divides poetry and prose: and the sterling merit of his production is consequently best seen in detached quotations therefrom—the separated gold only being perceived then, and the dross being "out of sight and out of mind." Many stanzas in the poem which seem affected, obscure, abstruse, and metaphysically removed from the reader's understanding into the "dim inane," will bear study, and, yielding their student thoughts of subtle and noble wisdom and rare beauty, cause him to regret that they unluckily occurred to a brain incapable of expressing them in clear and graceful terms. For they only need a simplified expression instantly to win appreciation. Pity, we say, that such beautiful rose-diamonds as these should have been spoiled of their lustre in the cutting! Yet to the lapidary the jewels are still of priceless value, and retain a concealed light and fire. Our advice is, then,—diligently pore over "The Angel of the House," and be sure your study will be rewarded. Spite of all his fripperies and fopperies and pedantries and odd conceits, Mr. Patmore is "a true and gentle knight," and his verse, if deficient in skill and melody, is nevertheless brimfull of chivalry, truth, wisdom, and piety. His ideas of Love and Marriage are singularly just and noble; would they were universally accepted and reduced to practice! the Good Time Coming would then be very near! We say it because we verily believe that an immense majority of the wrongs and evils which curse society, and evoke all manner of indignant and agonized protests, are directly and indirectly consequent from unwise, unhappy, inharmonious unions, and unnatural and false relations of the sexes.

In the "Espousals," as in the "Betrothal," every man and woman who has truly loved, will find reproduced, with wonderful accuracy, the thoughts, the feelings, the fancies, the shifting hopes and fears of that sweet and strange epoch in their lives when all was beautiful with hope and May. The author proves himself marvellously intimate with the many moods of Love. There are passages in the poem which seem as if written by a woman, so subtly familiar are they with the emotions and conditions of the womanly heart. Other passages are equally cognizant of the agitations and processes of masculine affection. No brain but a lover's could have conceived them; none but a lover's could have given them to the world.

The lessons which the poem in its best parts, teaches, are invariably wise and noble. The analysis of metaphysical conditions, the arguments, reasonings, dogmas, and conclusions, appertaining to the various phases of the subject, which intersperse the poetical narration, though generally objectionable for various reasons, often unworthy of any place in a poem, and better befitting a philosophical treatise, are nevertheless extremely subtle, accurate, and fine. Passages of exquisite poetic beauty occasionally relieve pages of mere versified prose. In a word, the merits of the poem sufficiently counterbalance its faults to give it an enduring niche in literature. Posterity will value it as Herbert, Cowley, Herrick, Quarles and Donne are valued, forgiving all the obscurities, far-fetched conceits, quaintnesses, odd phrases, and general absurdities, in consideration of the noble wisdom and beauty which these can cloud, but not utterly conceal.

We subjoin a few extracts, which fairly represent the best qualities of the work. Here is a bit of truth, quaintly stated:

"That nothing here may want its praise,
Know, she who by her dress reveals
A fine and modest taste, displays
More loveliness than she conceals."

The following is a fine though somewhat fantastic fancy:

"Say, Muse, who warblest at mine ear
That Prothalamium jubilant
Which I, in weakness and in fear,
Repeat, and of its glory scant,
Say, what of those who are not wives,
Nor have them; tell what fate they prove
Who keep the pearl which happier lives
Cast in the costly cup of Love?
I answer, (for the sacred Muse
Is dumb,) 'Ill chance is not for aye;
But who with erring preference choose
The sad and solitary way,
And think peculiar praise to get
In heaven, where error is not known,
They have the separate coronet,
They sought, but miss a worthier crown.
Virgins are they, before the Lord,
Whose hearts are pure: the vestal fire
Is not, as some misread the Word,
By marriage quench'd, but burns the higher."

A noble and needed lesson is contained herein:

"Keep your manners, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In cloth's unceremonious rags.
Love should make home a stately Court;
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the truest, respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life."

Honoria's love-letter has the subtle and brilliant fancy we have italicised in the following quatrain:

"Adieu! I am not well. Last night
I had startling dreams: I often woke,
The summer-lightning was so bright;
And when it flash'd I thought you spoke."

Vaughan hears his mistress singing:—(the italics are ours.)

"Oh, beating heart of sweet alarm,
Which stays the Lover's step when near
His Mistress, and her awful charm
Of grace and innocence sincere!
I held the open door, and heard
The voice of my betrothed Wife,
Who sang my verses, every word
By music taught its latent life;
With interludes of well touched notes,
That flash'd, surprising and serene,
As meteor after meteor floats
The mid-November stars between.
There was a passion in her tone,
A tremor when she touched the keys,
Which told me she was there alone,
And uttering all her heart at ease."

Riding home from Honoria's house, he is thus superbly haunted:

"By pale and park,
I rode, and ever seem'd to see,
In the transparent, starry dark,
That splendid brow of chastity,
That soft and yet subduing light,
At which, as at the sudden moon,
I held my breath, and thought 'how bright!'
That guileless beauty in its noon,
Compelling tribute of desires,
Ardent as day when Sirius reigns,
Pure as the permeating fires,
That smoulder in the opal's veins."

He re are a betrothed bachelor's night-thoughts:

"'Tis sweeter than all else below,
The daylight and its duties done,
To fold the arms for rest, and so
Relinquish all regards but one;
To see her features in the dark;
To lie and meditate, once more,
Some grace he did not fully mark,
Some tone he had not heard before;
Then from beneath his head to take
Her notes, her picture, and her glove,
Put these for joy when he shall wake,
And press them to the heart of love;
And then to whisper 'Wife,' and pray
To live so long as not to miss
That unimaginable day
Which farther seems the nearer 'tis;
And still from joy's unfathom'd well
To drink, in sleep, *while, on her brow*
Of innocence ineffable,
The laughing bridal roses blow."

Honoria dancing at the county ball:

"But there danced she, who from the heaven
Of ill preserved my heart and will
All unaware, for she was heaven,
Others at best but fit for it.
I mark'd her step, with peace elate,
Her brow more beautiful than morn,
Her sometime air of girlish state
Which sweetly waived its right to scorn;
The giddy crowd, she grave the while,
Although, as 'twere beyond her will,
About her mouth the baby smile
That she was born with linger'd still.
Her ball-dress seem'd a breathing mist,
From the fair form exhaled and shed,
Raised in the dance with arm and wrist
All warmth and light, unbracelated.
Her motion, feeling 'twas beloved,
The pensive soul of tune express'd,
And, oh, what perfume, as she moved,
Came from the flowers in her breast!
Ah, none but I discern'd her looks,
When in the whirl she pass'd me by,
For love is like a ghost, and brooks
Only the chosen seer's eye."

No lover of poetry reading the foregoing stanzas, can fail to desire an acquaintance with the entire poem. The poetry is not of the loftiest, and, as we have said, is much marred in the making, but it has the quality old Fuller thought essential to good preaching—there's "salt" in it.

MR BAKED HEAD, AND OTHER TALES. C. F. Putnam, New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

The present volume is the second number of Mr. Putnam's "Library of Choice Stories," and contains fifteen tales of various colors and character, from which a great deal of entertainment may be drawn. We notice among them the fine story entitled "The Golden Guillotine" which has been out of print for a long time. "Elkanah Smithers, Jr.," in all its original ludicrousness, is also one of the number.

There are two books of tales now long out of print, which we advise Mr. Putnam to hunt up, and republish in his present series. One was named "The Odd Volume;" it had a dozen or so of admirable stories from the pens of Baron La Motte Fouquet (the author of Undine) Douglas Jerrold, and others. We remember some of the titles of these:—"The Miller of Doune," "The Legend of Number Nip," "The Widow's Nuptials," "Philip French," "The Lantern in the Castle Yard," "The Black Knight," "Uggero the Dane," etc. All of these were fine—some, surpassingly so.

The other book we cannot name, but among other fine things it had Voltaire's brilliant fairy tale "Ebony and Topaz," and the excellent story of "The Dean of Badajoz." We hope Mr. Putnam may see fit to institute a search for these, and reprint them for the amusement of his readers.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

We have here the second volume of the cheap edition of Irving's great work. Of the work itself we have already spoken in terms of high commendation. We now commend the present edition thereof to the good will of our readers. It is printed on good paper in a bold and clear type, and is handsomely and serviceably bound. Externally, it presents quite as comely an appearance as the other edition, and will adorn the library shelves as effectually. The present volume has a fine steel engraving of Major General Philip Schuyler, from the original painting by Trumbull.

THE LAST REMAINS OF THE REV. ANDREW FULLER. By the EDITOR OF HIS COMPLETE WORKS. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

A final collection of sermons, essays, letters, and miscellaneous papers not included in the edition of the Rev. Andrew Fuller's works, published by the American Baptist Society in 1844.

CURIOSITIES OF POLITICS.—A Washington (Pa.) paper quotes for the edification of its readers, the following lively extract from "*Democratic Tract, No. 2—The Sub-Treasury,*" published in Pennsylvania in 1844:

"When they, the Whigs, take a man like Henry Clay, foaming with passion, a pistol in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other, as a candidate for the Presidency, they may expect to win the support of the moral and religious by associating with him the psalm-singing professor, (Theodore Frelinghuysen,) with a hymn book in his hand and a Bible under his arm. Clay, half intoxicated with wine, raving at a debauch, and Frelinghuysen fervently addressing the Almighty in a Prayer Meeting. Clay at a Card Table and Frelinghuysen at the Communion Table. Clay pointing with deadly aim at the heart of his fellow-man, and Frelinghuysen lecturing against dueling as cold-blooded murder."

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*On the 24th, Mr. Weller* introduced the bill of which he gave notice on the 23d, to abrogate certain laws enacted by the Legislature of Kansas.

Mr. Weller observed that he was willing to do all in his power to obviate existing difficulties. The House had, in a different form, expressed their dissent from the laws of the Kansas Legislature, and he agreed with that body, that some of those laws violate not only the organic act, but the Constitution of the United States. He was, therefore, anxious to wipe these obnoxious laws out of the statute book, as infamous and atrocious in their character. If such a bill be passed, he thought there would be no difficulty in passing the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Biggs desired that the bill be referred to the Committee on Territories, but withdrew his motion to enable Mr. Wilson to offer an amendment by adding a section declaring null and void the 181st chapter of the laws of Kansas, being the act to punish offences against slave property, together with such other provisions of said laws as recognize or protect slavery as a legalized institution in the territory, together with all provisions to establish official oaths, other than those specified in the organic act, or which require any test with regard to slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law to be applied to attorneys or jurors, or which suspend the writ of habeas corpus, or which allow any other than actual residents of that territory to vote, or which allow jurors to be selected in any other manner than by lot or which punish citizens of the territory by chaining them together, and exposing them to labor on the public works, or causing balls and chains of iron to be attached to them. It also further declares it to be the deliberate opinion of Congress, that all persons under arrest in the territory, under indictments for treason or other political offences, are wrongfully detained, and orders their immediate release. It directs the Governor of Kansas to order an election in the territory on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, at which time all persons who were actual bona-fide residents of the territory on the 1st of May, 1856, shall be entitled to vote and be eligible to election.

The members of both branches of the Legislature shall be chosen according to an enumeration and apportionment to be ordered by the Governor. A Delegate to Congress shall also be chosen, as well as Sheriffs, Probate Judges, County Commissioners, Clerks, Recorders, &c. False swearing, at any election, is declared perjury, to be punished by imprisonment, for not less than three nor more than twelve months, and by a fine of not less than $100, nor more than $300; and ten days after the election, all persons chosen shall be eligible to enter upon their duties to the exclusion of all persons now claiming such authority.

Mr. Bayard regarded Mr. Weller's bill as of no more effect than a declaration of rights, and as such he could vote for it, but he could never consent to any proposition to modify or restrain the power vested by the Constitution in the Executive. He was free to admit at the same time that some of the laws of Kansas were shocking to the moral sense of the community, and some of which invaded national rights; such laws he was willing, by a declaration of rights to abrogate, because that was the only way in which Congress could act, but the proposition of the House to prevent their execution by the President, without wiping them from the statute book, could be defended by no sound principle of constitutional legislation.

Mr. Mason said he voted for and approved the bill passed in May, 1854, to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, because it gave the people the right to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. This bill proposed to undo that work, and to prescribe how far they should be free to make their own institutions, and in what respect they should not be thus free. This proposition did not meet his approbation. He moved that the bill and the amendment be laid upon the table.

Mr. Weller urged Mr. Mason to withdraw the motion, as he wished to speak on the subject, and Mr. Mason acquiesced.

Mr. Weller said he was one of the last Senators who would sympathize with the House in its factious course on the Army Bill. But as the House had so much fault with the oppressive laws of Kansas—and he would admit that some of them were oppressive and as atrocious and infamous as any laws which ever found their way upon the statute book of any free people in any age of the world—why should the Senate hesitate to declare them null and void? As he had before declared, many of them were not only in derogation of the organic law, but of the Constitution of the United States—Freedom of speech was guaranteed by the Constitution, but by some of these laws it was denied. When he found laws which were in conflict with the Constitution, he did not choose to wait for the judgment of the Judiciary, but wanted to wipe them out at once.

Mr. Butler deprecated the idea of holding out anything like concession to the House.

Mr. Brown pursued a similar line of argument.

On the 25th, Mr. Cass presented letters from Gen. Persifer F. Smith, which he had obtained from the War Department, giving an account of the movements of troops in Kansas—They were read. Gen. Smith states that the reports which have been going the rounds of the newspapers are gross fabrications, that the troops have not done anything to interfere with the citizens, except to guard the persons charged with treason.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the bill introduced yesterday, by Mr. Weller, to repeal certain laws enacted by the Legislature of Kansas.

Mr. Hunter moved that the bill now under consideration be laid on the table.

Mr. Weller asked him to withdraw that motion, to allow him to make a few remarks, and Mr. Hunter acquiescing, Mr. Weller stated that he had introduced his bill without consultation with any of his political associates, and he regretted very much that he was not sustained by them in his desire to adopt a conciliatory course towards the House. He was actuated by the desire to wipe out of the statute book of one of the Territories laws which, in his judgment, were already unconstitutional, and, at the same time, as Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, was anxious to do all in his power to facilitate the passage of the Army Appropriation Bill. The Senator from Massachusetts had proposed an amendment to the bill, which he (Mr. Wilson) knew could never receive the sanction of the majority of the Senate, with whom he (Mr. Weller) was politically affiliated. He had no exasperated feelings against the House, but the matter had now become a contest of physical endurance, and he was content to let things take their course, and see which House would first yield.

Mr. Hunter renewed his motion to lay on the table, and it was agreed to. Yeas 28, nays 11.

YEAS—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Biggs, Bigler, Bright, Broadhead, Brown, Butler, Cass, Clay, Dodge, Douglas, Meyer, Hunter Iverson, Johnson, Jones of Tenn., Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Pratt, Pugh, Reid, Sebastian, Toucey, and Weller.

NAYS—Messrs. Bell, of Tenn., Clayton, Crittenden, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Houston, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson.

The Senate then proceeded to consider the Army Bill.

Mr. Hunter stated that the bill was the one upon which the two Houses disagreed at the adjournment of the last session. There had been three conferences upon it which were unsuccessful, but although the last vote taken in the House was to adhere to their disagreement to the Senate amendment, he was willing to give the House as many chances to vote upon this question as they could have, and he therefore moved that the Senate insist and ask another Committee of Conference. This would give the House two more opportunities to vote upon the question. Thus they would have ample opportunity to reconsider what he could not help regarding as an unwise and hasty determination upon their part to persist in a proposition to which the Senate could never agree.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., said he should vote for the motion of Mr. Hunter with great pleasure. It had been thought he was willing to recede, but he expressed no such opinion, although he earnestly contended that the Senate ought to insist, and ask for a Committee of Conference, instead of adhering. He took this opportunity to ask Mr. Cass whether he understood from those letters which he caused this morning to be read, that there were at this time no disturbances in Kansas?

Mr. Cass replied that they were the latest official returns which had been received at the War Department, and they show what had been the conduct of the military there. As to subsequent telegraphic reports, there might be some foundation for them, although it was very probable the actual condition of things was exaggerated.

Mr. Bell said he had twice before been led to suppose that all the difficulties were terminated from information derived from the Executive Department, and from officers in command in Kansas that there were ample forces there to suppress all disorder. Upon both these occasions, however, it turned out that he had been deceived, and he did not wish to be deceived again. If difficulties exist there, as he was afraid was the case, he hoped measures would be taken to restore tranquillity, and he hailed with pleasure the movement of the Senator from Virginia, for another Committee of Conference on this bill.

Mr. Clayton said the majority of the Senate were wrong the other day when they undertook to adhere to their disagreement on the bill precisely like this, and he hoped they would now agree to another conference. He proceeded to comment with much severity on the infamous laws of the Kansas Legislature, saying they should be repealed before the adjournment of Congress; and if the Senate refuse to take that step, the responsibility would rest upon them. One of those laws sentenced a man to hard labor for not less than two years for discussing the question whether slavery does or does not legally exist in Kansas. It was not less than two years and it might be fifty years, and if a man should live to the age of Methuselah he might be confined 900 and odd years for that offence. This was as tyrannical an act as was ever passed by the Stuarts, Tudors, or Plantagenets, of England. These laws also require test oaths to support the Fugitive Slave Law; and there were hundreds of honest men in the Union who, while they never intended to resist that law, would never take an oath to support it. Such laws as these he characterized as infamous and oppressive, and there were others as bad as these; and unless the Committee should go the whole length and repeal these abominable laws, the responsibility of refusing will rest upon the Senate as well as the House.

Mr. Wilson read extracts from the Congressional Globe, of the debate in former years upon appropriation bills, to show that the course of the House in inserting the Kansas proviso was neither unprecedented nor unparliamentary, and that the Senator from Virginia himself, (Mr. Hunter) had voted for measures of general legislation, when inserted in appropriation bills. Then there was no pretence that such action was revolutionary or factious; but now the cry is raised that the responsibility of defeating the Army Bill, must rest upon the House of Representatives, in consequence of their proviso, to which the Senate refused to agree. He proceeded to read extracts from articles written by James Madison, in the Federalist, to show that it was the right of the House to refuse appropriations unless their equality as one branch of the National Legislature was conceded by the Senate.

The motion of Mr. Hunter was then agreed to—yeas 33, nays 6. Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Durkee, Foster, Harlan, Wade and Wilson. Messrs. Hunter, Crittenden and Bigler were appointed as the Conference Committee.

Mr. Benjamin desiring to address the Senate on the subject of the resolution submitted by Mr. Clayton for a Select Committee of Conference, it was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Benjamin said the extraordinary remarks of the Senator from Delaware, (Mr. Clayton,) were heard by him with equal surprise and pain. As to the laws of Kansas, which he had denounced as infamous, Mr. Benjamin maintained that Congress had no right to repeal the legislation of any body than itself, either State or Territory, and it was not just to cast the responsibility on the Senate for refusing to do so. He replied to the remarks of Mr. Wilson, relative to the authorities of Mr. Madison, and said that they had no relevance to a case like the present.

Mr. Clayton replied, defending the propriety of the language he had previously made use of. He insisted that his strictures upon the Kansas laws were just and proper, and urged the passage of the bill repealing those enactments.

Mr. Benjamin said that if Mr. Weller's bill could be protected from amendment or discussion, the majority of the Senate would undoubtedly pass it at once.

Mr. Clayton said he could not be answerable as to that. He would not himself say one word except "aye" upon the passage of the bill.

Mr. Benjamin—We shall say nothing but "aye," too.

Mr. Mason—For one, I should certainly say "no." [Laughter.]

Mr. Clayton—I am afraid that there are divers others who would say "no."

Mr. Wilson remarked that the Senator from Louisiana could see that they should not have an unanimous vote. He thought, however, that he should try to get the majority of the Senate to repeal those odious Kansas laws. When the olive branch shall thus be tendered to the House, let them, if they dare, refuse to pass the Army Bill. He would bring forward such a measure.

Mr. Seward challenged all the Senators to come the first sectional or partisan vote he had given either in open or secret session, other than that which involved the principles of the constituency which had sent him here. He defied them to show that he had ever voted against the confirmation of a man, because of his being a slaveholder or a supporter of slavery. They would find a clean record. The President, not content to let Congress adjourn after a session of more than eight months, had assumed the unusual responsibility of reconvening both Houses for the purpose of inducing a re-consideration of the Army Bill. But the President's proclamation did not affect his judgment nor influence his feelings, and did not move him the breadth of a single hair from the line of duty he thought proper to pursue.

He would not say the President was a bad man, but he would say, on his own responsibility, that he held him to be an unjust and tyrannical magistrate. He found him during the last session, employing his civil and military influence to maintain not merely tyrannical laws, but a tyrannical usurpation in Kansas, and when called to account for it, he justified and maintained the usurpation and despotism. Just as soon might it be expected of him to uphold the Czar of Russia or Louis Napoleon, as to place money or arms in the hands of a magistrate to maintain a usurpation.

Mr. Seward ridiculed the idea that great injury would result from the failure to pass the Army Bill, and mentioned, among other things, that Gen. Wool had written to him that the Indian war was ended on the shores of the Pacific. He proceeded at some length to defend the course of the majority of the House.

Mr. Douglas accused Mr. Seward of making merry over the defeat of the Army Bill. He was unable to enter into that tone of feeling which made Mr. Seward so exuberant and exultant. Whenever an attempt is made to overthrow the Government, who her good or bad, the first thing was to disband the army, as is the case.

For weeks and months there had been peace, quiet and order in Kansas. The people were happy in the security which surrounded them, and there would not now be intelligence of bloodshed and murder, if Lane had not been sent there by the Free Soil party to get up a civil war. No man can deny this, and there is not one of you Republicans who does not rejoice when the news of a murder reaches you.—You nightly pray that some man from the North may be murdered, that you may weep over his body.

He said it was merely a pretence that the laws of Kansas were the cause of the troubles. The Presidential question was the sole cause of the revolutionary movements in that quarter.

Mr. Wilson—Order reigns in Warsaw.

Mr. Douglas—All such cant phrases are used for the purpose of concealing real designs. All of you know that these laws are not the cause of the disturbances. In conclusion, Mr. Douglas earnestly defended the President.

Mr. Clayton's resolution was then laid on the table, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 26th, Mr. Crittenden asked leave to introduce a bill to amend the act of 1854 organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas.

The first section of his bill transferred the authority from the Legislature to the Governor and Judges. The second directed the Secretary of the Territory to transmit to the President whatever laws might be passed by this authority, in order that they might be laid before Congress for revision or repeal if they think proper. The third section was the same as Weller's bill. The fourth provided that all prosecutions or indictments for treason, or other offences of merely a political character, now pending in any of the Courts of Kansas, shall cease and be dismissed, and every person who may, at the passage of this act, be imprisoned and held in custody under such charges, be forthwith discharged. He was aware that this provision did not meet the approbation of a majority of the Senate, and proceeded to state the motives which induced him to offer it.

Mr. Bayard asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill, fixing the time for holding in Delaware an election for Representative in Congress. Passed.

Mr. Hunter reported, from the Committee of Conference on the Army Bill, that they had been unable to agree.

As he saw no prospect of any agreement, unless the Senate would consent to admit obnoxious legislation with regard to Kansas—which they would never do—he moved that the Senate adhere to its disagreement.

Mr. Crittenden resumed his remarks. The fifth section of the bill provided that the President shall have authority to employ any part of the army which he may think proper, in the Territory, to maintain the authority of the United States or of the laws in that Territory. Also, to repel armed aggressions from without or within, and suppress and drive out any bands of armed men who may appear in that Territory, to the terror of the inhabitants and the disturbance of the peace. It further provides that it shall be the duty of the President to use the armed military forces to maintain peace in the Territory, suppress insurrection, repel invasion, and protect persons and property therein. Also, to endeavor, by whatever constitutional means he may possess, to secure to all the people of the United States who may choose to go to said Territory, and especially those who desire to go thither with the honest and peaceable purpose of obtaining permanent homes, their undoubted right of ingress and egress from the Territory, free from any searches, seizures or molestation whatever.

Mr. Wilson, in response to a remark of Mr. Crittenden, said he had never asserted, on the authority of a telegraphic despatch, that any man was killed and placed under the virgin soil of Kansas, as the Senator from Kentucky had charged him. He had not repeated the telegraph rumors and lies which were manufactured in Western Missouri and sent here.

Mr. Crittenden—What about those not manufactured in Western Missouri?

Mr. Wilson—I have never stated anything on the authority of a telegraphic despatch which was not correct to the letter, and I defy the Senator from Kentucky to put his finger on one that was not true.

Mr. Crittenden—Your defence amounts to but little.

Mr. Wilson—Your assertions amount to less (laughter.)

The Chair called the speakers to order.

Mr. Crittenden—I know how to restrain myself. He (Mr. Wilson) repeated what I heard nowhere else by telegraph. I only wanted him to carefully distinguish and not bury the living. It was enough for the grave-digger to perform that office for the dead. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wilson again rose to speak, but Mr. Crittenden refused to give way, saying—no, you have not behaved like a gentleman.

The Chair again called the speaker to order.

Mr. Crittenden resuming, said they saw with pain the efforts made to feed the flame of this little civil war in Kansas. It was the duty of Congress to put its hand on the flame of this civil war, and extinguish it at once.

Mr. Seward said the House at the commencement of the last session was rather uncertain and inconsistent; but had been growing firmer and firmer in the cause of justice, freedom and humanity. He now congratulated the country for the manner in which the House had acted at last in this important crisis. There had been a civil war in Kansas for a year past, and it could only be stopped by arresting the unconstitutional usurpation in that Territory, and restoring to the people the constitutional right to establish institutions of freedom. In relation to Mr. Crittenden's bill, he said the priest who would bring an acceptable offering to the altar must be a man without passion and fear, and must love peace as much as the Senator from Kentucky, and truth as much; and must, moreover, beyond all these, be a man who has a respect for the convictions and love of freedom of the North.

Mr. Cass said it was their duty to make the necessary appropriations for the support of the Government, and this was their solemn, constitutional duty. This they refuse to do. No man could be so blind as not to see that the establishment of a principle like this would lead to the overthrow of the Government. If this is agreed to, the next thing might be to provide as a condition for passing the Post Office Appropriation Bill that all incendiary documents sent for the purpose of exciting the Southern slaves to insurrection should go free of postage, or the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law be insisted on as the amendment to the General Appropriation Bills, making necessary supplies for the Government. There was no act that the imagination of man could conceive, which one branch of Congress might not be able to carry into effect by stopping the wheels of Government, and cutting off the supplies. It was not this act alone which was to do the mischief, but the consequences to which it would lead. The refusal of this particular appropriation would not destroy the Union. This was a very hard Government to destroy. He thought if it was fairly administered, within the scope and provision of the Constitution, it was the strongest Government on the face of the globe; and he knew it to be the best Government ever given to man since the dispersion of the human race on the plains of Shinar. This was but one of a series of measures, which, if adopted, must end in a dissolution of the Government.

Mr. Trumbull alluded to the provisions of some of the laws of the Kansas Legislature, as infamous, and unworthy a free people, and urging their immediate repeal.

Mr. Pugh replied to Mr. Crittenden, opposing the bill, and denying that the form of government therein proposed had worked well, saying that it was odious to the people of the Territories where it had been applied. He undertook to assert that such a form of government would always be odious. Those under indictment for treason in Kansas were not charged with treason against the Territorial Government, but with treason against the United States. They might be guilty, or they might not. His own opinion was, they are not guilty. He had examined the indictments, and his judgment was they were bad in form and substance; but by what authority could the subject be wrested from the judicial tribunals, where it belonged? He thought it safe to leave it there. He condemned the action of the House on the Army Bill as revolutionary, saying that if the Senate surrendered to its demand, they would part with all that is dear to great constitutional principle.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, next obtained the floor, when, without taking the question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, the question pending was stated to be on the motion of Mr. Hunter to adhere to the disagreement of the two Houses on the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., rose to express his views upon the subject.

Mr. Hunter suggested that it would be desirable for the Senate to act upon the question at once, and the Senator from Tennessee could then base his remarks on Mr. Crittenden's bill.

Mr. Bell acquiesced in the suggestion, and the motion to adhere to the amendment was agreed to—yeas 32, nays 6. The Senators voting in the negative were Messrs. Durkee, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Trumbull, and Wade. Mr. Seward did not vote, having paired off with Mr. Toombs, as heretofore.

Mr. Houston presented the memorial of the Legislature of Texas in behalf of Judge Terry, who was now held in custody by the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, praying that if the Federal Government or Congress can consistently interfere in his behalf, it may be done. Mr. Houston said it was to be regarded as an evidence of the deep and intense interest which the subject had excited in Texas, from which State Judge Terry emigrated to California, that the Legislature of that State had memorialized Congress in behalf of that gentleman's liberation. He would remark, that Judge Terry, while in Texas, had borne a character as an honorable man, and was an ornament to the community.

Mr. Brown stated, that a more honorable man than Judge Terry never breathed the air of Heaven. He had known him from his infancy, and his parents before him, and all his connections. There was no blemish on his character.

On motion of Mr. Houston, the memorial was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., before entering upon the consideration of Kansas affairs, desired to make a few remarks in reference to the memorial just presented by the Senator from Texas. He has in his pocket a letter from one in whom he had great confidence, bearing testimony to Terry's high character, but stating that it was his compulsiveness of disposition that had been the means of his getting involved in this difficulty, and that had it not been for this unfortunate occurrence, the Vigilance Committee would have been dissolved long before this time. The writer was not a member of the Committee, and was deeply interested in Judge Terry's safety. He further stated in this letter that there was no party interest originally involved in the formation of the Vigilance Committee. There was no disloyal sentiment, and especially none against the Government of the United States.

Mr. Weller did not agree with the Senator from Tennessee, in the opinion that the Vigilance Committee would have been disbanded ere this, but for the arrest of Judge Terry. He was satisfied they would remain and preserve their organization until the next Presidential election. The remarks of the Senator from Tennessee were calculated to produce the impression that the imprudence of Judge Terry had been the means of continuing the Vigilance Committee in operation. He was not aware that Judge Terry was guilty of any imprudence. He could safely endorse every word that had been said of him by the Senator from Mississippi. Judge Terry was a prudent man, but he decided, in his official capacity, to aid those who were attempting to maintain the supremacy of the laws. This was a part of his constitutional duty. As to the other point, whether all the members of the Vigilance Committee were loyal to the Federal Government, or not, he would not undertake to say; he would, however, say that there were men in California, who were not loyal to the Government—there were men who had been openly advocating secession from the Union.

Mr. Bell said he did not mean to make any charge against Judge Terry's moral character, but only that he was of impulsive and rash disposition, which sometimes led him into imprudence.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Crittenden's bill, to alter and amend the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, spoke on the subject of the affairs of Kansas, and declared himself in favor of the bill pending, though there might be some provisos to which he could not give his cordial assent. He thought that though it might not afford absolute relief, it would mitigate some evils, and was worth trying as an experiment. He hoped Congress would not adjourn before the 4th of March next, unless some measure of redress was adopted. If the President has not sufficient power to preserve the peace, let additional power be placed in his hands, but do not present a spectacle to the world that this Government is unable to maintain order among its citizens.

Mr. Hunter moved to lay the bill on the table, but as there was not a general attendance of Senators, the vote, by general consent, was postponed until to-morrow.

Mr. Seward submitted a resolution that the Secretary of the Senate cause the desks appropriated for the use of members to be removed from the Senate chamber. He thought its adoption would tend in some degree to facilitate the despatch of business. At some convenient opportunity, he would ask the consideration of the resolution.

On the 30th, on motion of Mr. Clay, a resolution was adopted, requiring the Secretary of the Interior to report, at the next session, the amount required to pay the allowances proposed by the Hayes bill, providing for the settlement of the claims of the officers of the revolutionary army, and the widows and children of those who died in the service.

Mr. Houston said that he had seen ten years of service in the Senate, and 30 years ago was in the public councils of the country, but during the whole time of his service he had not seen a crisis like the present, portending such evils to the peace, and even threatening the perpetuity, of this republic. He wished it were in his power to cast oil on the troubled waters, and should be glad to see Senators co-operating in a different work than exasperating the irritable feelings of the North, and producing more and more of alienation than now exists. It was evident to everybody that the times were sadly out of joint, and there must be some occasion for it. There must be some latent disease that requires a remedy, and thus the first step in seeking to produce a better state of things, and give peace and tranquillity to the country would be to go back to first principles and seek the root of the evil. In doing so, he deemed that he had found the Pandora's box whence all the difficulties originated, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Before that fatal step was taken, all was quiet, tranquillity, and harmony. But since, all had been discord and contention, bloodshed and strife. This result was predicted by him. At that time he made a remark that "the aged might witness the commencement of the evil consequences to flow from that repeal, but that the youngest child then born would not live to behold their termination." He hoped, however, and believed, they would terminate without any fearful disaster to the Union, and that the wisdom of the American people would devise some remedy for these struggles which had sprung from the ambitious views of individuals, and that Providence which had guided this nation through many perils in days past, had yet rich blessings in store to lavish upon us. If the Missouri Compromise could be repealed, after having been regarded as a sacred compact for the third of a century, the organic act by which the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas were organized was also repealable, and consequently all acts of the Territorial Legislatures which had been made in pursuance of that organic act. He presumed no one would deny that the people of Kansas did not, of their own unbiassed free will and accord, enact the laws now said to exist in that Territory. It was done by extraneous influence, and those laws were proscriptive, and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, a disgrace to the age, and ought not to be suffered to remain on the statute book. He defined his political position, and defended the American party.

Mr. Clay inquired whether the Senator from Texas meant to have it understood, inasmuch as he had left the Democratic party, in consequence of their repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and joined the American party, that the latter were in favor of the restoration of that compromise?

Mr. Houston replied that the American party were not, as a party, in favor of restoring that Compromise, although some members of it might be. That party were opposed to all agitations which would endanger the peace of the country, or threaten the perpetuity of the Union. For his part, he thought it would be impolitic and unwise, as there were inseparable objections to its restoration; but he would freely give more than half of all he possessed if it could be restored, so as to leave things exactly as they were before it was repealed. But his cardinal principle was, the Union must and should be preserved, and if he were to hear a man of the party to which he belonged utter a word against this Union, although three score years might have relaxed the vigor of his frame, he would knock him down forthwith.

Mr. Crittenden's bill, to alter and amend the Kansas-Nebraska act, was then laid on the table—yeas, 22, nays 11, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bayard, Bright, Broadhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Douglas, Geyer, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, Jones of Tenn., Mason, Pratt, Pugh, Reid, Toucey, Weller, and Wright.

NAYS—Messrs. Bell of Tenn., Crittenden, Durkee, Foot, Foster, Harlan, Seward, Thompson of Ky., Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson.

A message was received from the House, informing the Senate of the passage of the Army Bill, which having been taken up, on motion of Mr. Hunter, the Senate struck out the Kansas proviso—yeas 36, nays 7—and the bill was then passed and returned to the House, the amendment there concurred in, and the Senate so informed.

A concurrent resolution was adopted for a final adjournment at 3½ o'clock.

A vote of thanks to the President *pro tem.* was unanimously adopted, and the usual Committee appointed to wait on the President of the United States, and inform him that Congress was ready to adjourn.

The Committee subsequently reported that the President had no further communication to make, and the Senate thereupon adjourned *sine die*.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 26th, Mr. Simmons, from the Select Committee appointed to investigate the assault by Mr. McMullen upon Mr. Granger, in an omnibus, on the 21st, made a report setting forth the testimony and every particular of the occurrence, the reading of which produced occasional laughter.

The majority of the committee, Messrs. Simmons, Pelt and Edie, say the evidence shows that "the party who first resorted to the use of personal chastisement for words spoken offensively, was Mr. McMullen, as he was the first who resorted to threats, and the use of threatening gestures with hands or fists. The language and manner of Mr. Granger had been certainly provoking, though probably not intended to be so; but his acts had shown no symptoms of an intention to resort to violence, or a disposition to attack Mr. McMullen otherwise than by words.

"The case is one which devolves a breach of privilege, contended, however, by circumstances to such a degree as to require on the part of the House, in the exercise of a sound discretion, no further action."

The minority of the Committee, Messrs. Smith of Va., and Fuller of Me., say, "Mr. Granger voluntarily entered into a conversation going on between two gentlemen, in its character offensive to no one, and with a manner conspicuously rude, and in language insulting and profane, and in so doing accompanied it with gesticulation, and without necessity rudely pushed aside or struck down the hand or arm of Mr. McMullen."

The reports were laid on the table and ordered to be printed, and the Committee discharged.

Mr. Wakeman offered a resolution proposing to make a proper reduction from the pay of members who by reason of pairing off shall decline to act or vote in the House.

Pending the subject, the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the House laid on the table a resolution from the Committee on Printing to print 10,000 copies of the report on the assault of Mr. McMullen upon Mr. Granger.

Several gentlemen attempted to introduce bills, but objections were made on both sides of the House, for the expressed reason of a disinclination to proceed to general legislation.

The resolution of Mr. Wakeman, proposing to make a proper deduction from the pay of members who, by reason of pairing off, shall decline to act or vote in the House, was then laid on the table.

Mr. Williams offered a resolution providing for the adjournment of Congress—the Senate concurring—on Thursday following, at 2 o'clock.

The resolution was adopted—yeas 110, nays 76.

Mr. Wheeler offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill which he proposed, being essentially the same, with the omission of the Kansas Proviso, as that heretofore acted on, for the support of the Army, the Committee to have leave to report at any time.

Mr. Wheeler moved the previous question.

After taking the vote on seconding the demand for the previous question, the tellers reported 94 ayes and 93 nays. The Speaker voted in the negative, making it a tie, and the question was thus lost.

Mr. Vail offered Mr. Wheeler's resolution, and moved the previous question.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, raised a question that the resolution could not be received, being substantially the same as Mr. Wheeler's.

The Speaker overruled the point.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., inquired whether a gentleman could take a paper in the custody of the clerk, and offer it again to the House.

The Speaker replied in the negative.

Mr. Washburne said it had been done.

The Speaker—Then it was not competent for the gentleman from New Jersey to introduce it.

Mr. Vail rose to offer another resolution, but at this point the morning hour expired, and a message was received from the Senate, further insisting in its disagreement to the amendment of the House to the Senate's amendment, striking out the Kansas Proviso to the Army Bill, and asking a Committee of Conference.

On motion of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, the House further insisted, and a Committee of Conference was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Campbell, of Ohio, Stephens, and Sherman.

The House then adjourned.

Mr. Clingman called the attention of the House to the fact that the Senate had passed a joint resolution relative to the return to the British Government of the ship Resolute, abandoned in the Polar Seas by the crew, while in search of Sir John Franklin, and brought to the United States by the whaleship George Henry. The English papers, he said, were complimenting us on our liberality, and he thought no gentleman would object to the passage of the resolution.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., objected.

The resolution was then passed.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Army Bill, said that they had met, and after a full and free conference they had come to no conclusion. He submitted to the Conference the naked proposition that no portion of the money should be used for enforcing the enactments of the body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, leaving out the subsequent part of the proviso calling on the President to exercise jurisdiction over the highways. He was willing to yield that much to the scruples of Senators as to the Constitutional power in the premises, but the Committee of the Senate refused to yield even that.

Mr. Campbell said it of course became necessary that they should proceed further to consider the merits of the Senate's proposition, which involves an independent legislation. The Compromise fell because the Senate Committee declined to yield to the simple proposition that the army shall not be employed to enforce laws founded on fraud. The difficulty presented by the Senate was, that the incorporation of such a proviso in the Army Bill would be independent legislation. It struck him as somewhat strange that such an objection as that should come from the Senate.

It would be recollected that the House passed the Post Office Appropriation Bill on the recommendation of the Postmaster General, yet it was returned from the Senate with an amendment appropriating half a million for a new contract for carrying the mails to San Francisco, and for pre-emption rights; an amendment not necessary to carry into effect existing laws. He was willing to go with him who would go the farthest, but he should be false to himself, his constituents and his God, if he endorsed the sentiments of the Kansas Legislature. The members are anxious to return to their homes, but nevertheless, as long as there is hope of bringing the two Houses together, he would remain. He moved that the House further adhere to its disagreement.

Mr. Stephens, in replying, said that this was a matter that belonged to the Courts. Congress had no more jurisdiction to pass on the laws of Kansas, than on those of Nebraska or any other Territory or State. The proviso to the Army Bill looked to Congress passing on the validity of the laws of Kansas. He repeated that Congress had no right to act in the premises.

The remedy is to carry up the subject to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the validity of all laws in a Territory is determined. The Senate, unlike the House, never made a point when the House when it had insisted on striking out amendments outside of the legitimate objects of an appropriation bill, and never attempted to stop the wheels of government. If legislation in for Kansas was desired, why not introduce a separate and independent bill? He moved that the House recede from the amendment.

Two motions were negatived—yeas 97, nays 100.

Mr. Campbell's motion to adhere, was then adopted—yeas 101, nays 97.

A motion was made to reconsider the vote, and that motion laid on the table by four majority.

The House took up and passed the Senate Bill to supply omissions in the enrollment of the Civil Bill of last session. It appropriates $60,000 for a Marine Hospital at Cincinnati, and over $13,000 for a roadway, etc., around the San Francisco Custom House.

On the 29th, Mr. Barclay moved a joint resolution for the adjournment of both Houses on Tuesday next, but it was negatived by 72 majority.

A message was received from the Senate, that they adhere to their disagreement to the amendment to the Army Bill.

Mr. Howes hoped that the House, instead of trifling in the way it had been doing, would resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and go to work like men.

Cries of "Agreed!" "Good!"

Incidental motions were made to adjourn over, and finally a motion to adjourn till Saturday prevailed by two majority.

On the 30th, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, obtained unanimous consent to report, by direction of the Committee of Ways and Means, a bill making appropriations for the Army. He said it was the old Army Bill, with the following proviso:—"That no part of the military force of the United States, for the support of which appropriations are made by this act, shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any act heretofore passed by the bodies claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas."

Mr. Campbell demanded the previous question.

Mr. Stephens, after saying that gentlemen were absent who did not expect the vote to be taken so soon, moved a call of the House.

The motion was agreed to, when 196 members answered to their names.

The bill then passed as originally reported—yeas 99, nays 77.

On motion of Mr. Benson, the House took up and passed the joint resolutions passed by the Senate, authorizing the acceptance of gold medals by Surgeons Williams and Harrison from the Emperor of France; Lieut. Maury, from Prussia, Holland, and Bremen, and Professor Bache, from Sweden. Also, permitting Dr. Kane and the officers connected with him in the Arctic Expedition to accept testimonials of respect from the British Government.

A message was received from the Senate, returning the Army Appropriation Bill with an amendment striking out the proviso.

The House, under the operation of the previous question, concurred, yeas 101, nays 93, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Aiken, Akers, Barksdale, Bell, Bennett of Mississippi, Bocock, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Harnet, Caskwaider, Campbell of Ky., Carlisle, Caskie, Clingman, Cobb of Ga., Cobb of Ala., Cox, Craige, Crawford, Cullen, Davidson, Davis of Me., Denver, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Etheridge, Eustis, Evans, Faulkner, Florence, Fuller of Me., Goode, Greenwood, Hall of Iowa, Harris of Md., Harris of Ala., Harris of Ill., Harrison, Haven, Hickman, Hoffman, Houston, Jewett, Jones of Tenn., Jones of Pa., Kelt, Kelley, Kennett, Kidwell, Lake, Letcher, Lumpkin, A. K. Marshall, Humphrey Marshall, Marshall of Ill., Maxwell, M. C. Mallin, McQueen, Miller of Ind., Millson, Oliver of Mo., Orr, Packer, Peck, Phelps, Porter, Powell, Purviance, Quitman, Ricaud, Rivers, Ruffin, Rust, Sandidge, Savage, Seward, Shorter, Smith of Tenn., Smith of Va., Smith of Ala., Stanl, Stephens, Steward, Swope, Talbot, Taylor, Tyson, Underwood, Vail, Walker, Warner, Wells, Wheeler, Whitney, Williams, Winslow, Wright of Miss., Wright of Tenn., and Zollicoffer.

NAYS—Messrs. Albright, Allison, Barbour, Barclay, Bennett, of N. Y., Benson, Billinghurst, Bingham, Bliss, Bradshaw, Brenton, Buffington, Campbell, of Pa., Campbell, of Ohio, Chaffee, Clark, Clawson, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cragin, Cumback, Damrell, Davis, of Mass., Dean, De Witt, Dick, Dickson, Dodd, Dunn, Durfee, Edie, Edwards, Emrie, Fletcher, Galloway, Giddings, Gilbert, Granger, Grow, Harlan, Hallett, Horton, Howard, Hugeston, Kelsey, King, Knapp, Knight, Knowlton, Kunkel, Leiter, Mace, Matteson, McCarty, Morgan, Morrill, Mott, Murray, Norton, Oliver, of N. Y., Parker, Pelton, Pennington, Pettit, Pike, Pringle, Purviance, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Robinson, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Scott, Sherman, Simmons, Spinner, Stanton, Strunahan, Tappan, Thorington, Thurston, Todd, Trafton, Wakeman, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Washburne, of Ill., Washburne, of Wis., Washburne, of Me., Welch, Wood, Woodruff, and Woodworth.

The Senate bill, fixing the time for holding an election in the State of Delaware for a Representative to Congress was taken up and passed.

A message was received from the President, announcing that he had signed the Army Bill, as passed by both Houses.

Mr. Grow offered a resolution that the President be respectfully requested to direct the District Attorney for the Territory of Kansas, to apply to the proper Court for leave to enter *nolle prosequi* on all indictments now pending for treason or any other political offence alleged to have been committed in that Territory.

The question thereon was defeated by calling the yeas and nays on a motion to adjourn, which occupied the time until the arrival of the period concurrently fixed by both Houses for the termination of the session (half past 3 o'clock,) when the Speaker declared the House adjourned *sine die*, although the Committee appointed to wait on the President had not reported.

NEWS ITEM

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

Baths and Bathing in Japan.

The Japanese, like most Orientals, are a nation of ducks. Their greatest luxury consists in vapor, warm, or surf bathing, and much of their time is devoted to their enjoyment. Even in the small town of Simoda, there are four bathing establishments, where persons, for the sum of two Japanese cash (about one-eighth of a cent), may dip into an immense tub of warm water, or, when it is too hot, may seat themselves on beams extending over it, and be subjected to the influence of the rising vapor, after which they return to the outer apartment and conclude their bath by emptying, or causing to be emptied over them, a dozen or more buckets of cold water.

They are, with the exception of the Malays, the Pacific Islanders, and the followers of Mahomet, the most cleanly people I ever saw. They are even unnecessarily cleanly, they bathe too often for health; one would think that they were anxious to make up in purity of person, for the depravity and impurity of their tastes.

They have also hot and medicinal springs throughout the country, to which those who can afford it resort for the enjoyment of their real or supposed virtues. One of the former of these is situated about two miles up the valley that runs back from Simoda, and is well worthy of a passing notice.

It is situated at the foot of a lofty hill, on the southern side of the valley, and comes boiling from a fissure in the rock, with a power indicative of a bountiful source. This boiling forth, we were told, however, is by no means constant; at times there being a very limited flow, and at others a spasmodic soda-fountain-like action, that projected great quantities. The Japanese made signs to us that the water was much hotter when it was thrown out by the soda-fountain-like action, and that persons unaccustomed to it were wont to hold their noses on account of a bad odor that prevailed at such times. I tried to arrive at the nature of this odor, but could only learn that it was possessed of a choking sensation, and that it could be tasted in the water, and I was thinking of passing a few hours in the vicinity, hoping for an opportunity of judging in person, when one of our party drew a match across the bottom of the box to light a cigar, and the odor was immediately recognized by the owner of the bath as that in regard to which he had been making signs. It was sulphur.

I at once stooped down, and leaning over the pool, tried to get at a mouthful of the water before it became tainted by admixture with that in which the Japanese had been floundering all day, but from the peculiar construction of the bathing-place, I found it impracticable. This latter was partly hewn out of the rock, and partly walled up with boards, the seams of which were tightly caulked. It was some three or four feet deep, and had a bamboo joint running through the wall at that height, which acted as a constant drain to let escape the surplus water. The fountain itself was in the bottom, and consequently three or four feet under water, so it was no easy matter to get at an uncontaminated cupfull. At last I gave up the attempt, the risk was too great of my tasting water that had been in contact with the skins of various bathers; I was not sufficiently devoted to science to encounter it. I put my hand in it, however, more than once, and tried in vain to detect the existence of sulphur through the sense of smell.

It was quite warm enough even now, while the boiling was so beautifully even and regular, but they made signs to us that when it burst forth a la soda fountain, the bathers took good care to give the fissure a wide berth, for fear of being scalded. They gave us also to understand that when the water was drawn off at night, and the fountain thus relieved of the pressure of the superincumbent three feet of water, it spouted forth in the form of a jet d'eau of several feet in height, but this we never had an opportunity of seeing.

This immense bathing tub, or rather bathing pool, had a bamboo house built over it, and benches of the same reed ranged round its sides, and though we seated ourselves on these benches with the ever-existing feeling of curiosity in regard to everything connected with those isolated people, no difference did it make to the unblushing bathers. All ages and sexes divested themselves of their garments in the most matter-of-fact style, and mixed unconcernedly in the common centre of attraction.

They not only did that much, but they also acted the part of body servants to each other, without the slightest regard to either sex or age, and this same absence of everything like propriety was observed not in that place alone, but upon all other occasions where our officers had an opportunity of judging. It prevailed throughout all of the bathing establishments of Simoda and Hakodadi, and was to be observed in the every-day life of the people wherever we fell in with them. I once asked Ta-cho-nos-kee, the interpreter, if the higher classes were equally shameless? and he replied in their usual "beat-the-bush" manner, that at Yeddo, and other large cities, "things were not as we found them at Simoda." Golownin, the Russian captain, who was their prisoner for a long time, remarks, however, that they were woefully wanting in modesty, and makes no exception in favor of the higher classes. It was revolting to see such a total absence of that beautiful exponent of a nation's degree of civilization and purity of morals.

While watching the bathers of the "hot spring," I heard something else denied which had always existed in my mind as a fixed fact.

"Tais is the way you bathe in Russia, I believe?" I said to Cavalaskie, the Russian officer who had accompanied us; "I should think it productive of a most demoralizing tendency."

"My dear sir, you were never more mistaken in your life," he replied; "we are as proper in Russia as they are in any other part of christendom. Where did you get such an idea from?"

I referred him to the Iconographic Encyclopedia as my authority, and added a few words in its praise as a work of standard reference.

"Pshaw! pshaw! The Iconographic Encyclopedia, indeed. The work of a musty headed Dutchman, whose brains had long been deadened by lager beer, before the idea of getting up such a book presented itself. Give us some better authority."

I saw readily that he was prejudiced by a feeling of combined shame and annoyance at such a national characteristic being attributed to his countrymen, and so changed the subject with the unaltered conviction that the "musty headed Dutchman" was right, and our choleric little Russian wrong.

While this conversation was going on, I searched in vain for any siliceous or other matter which the water might precipitate when coming in contact with the air, and was thence forced to the conclusion that the smell of sulphur, spoken of by the Japanese, was owing to the escape of some noxious gas or other, which, finding a vent through the fissure with the water, thus produced at times the soda-fountain-like action before spoken of.

This was the only hot spring near Simoda that we heard of, but the interpreters spoke of them as being very common in other sections of the country.

Surf bathing seems to be peculiar to the lower classes that reside near the sea, and it is probably the attendant exposure which bronzes the skins of those who indulge in it, until the stranger wonders why the natives along the coast are so much darker than those from the interior? and feels often impelled to the conclusion that there must be a difference in the blood.

I have seen as many as several hundred men, women, and children, the entire population of villages, apparently rolling about in the surf in one promiscuous heap, and all the while yelling and screaming like so many savages.

The inhabitants of the cities of the interior, on the contrary, scarcely ever approach the beach, but patronize the bathing-houses twice, sometimes, three times a day. Several of us once visited one of the most respectable of these latter, to examine its arrangements, &c., and having been told that they were seldom frequented during the heat of the day, we chose that hour for our visit. Upon arriving at the establishment, we found it just being vacated by a most dilapidated and hideous looking old woman, while another who did not seem much better off as far as good looks were concerned, held open the bamboo door and motioned us to enter. Thinking probably that we had come to see their mode of bathing, she made signs that there were no bathers in just then, but that there would be shortly, and that we had better seat ourselves around the sides, and *make ourselves comfortable*.

We made her understand, with considerable difficulty, that our object was to see the arrangement of the hot water apparatus, &c., whereupon she pointed to a dark looking hole at the back end of the room that resembled a huge old-fashioned wood fireplace with the back knocked out, and motioned us to pass under it and see for ourselves. So we took advantage of the permission, and at the expense of wet feet and the inhalation of a considerable quantity of a steamy, disagreeable atmosphere, accomplished the object of our visit.

We found the inner apartment into which the chimney-place-like passage opened, to be a room of about from eight to ten feet in size, and containing an immense chaldron built around in the centre with mud and stones. Whether it was of copper or iron, the imperfect light prevented our determining, but it sounded more like the former, as I struck it with the butt of my knife. It was filled to overflowing with water from which the steam arose in clouds, and circulated between a dozen or more rafters that were just high enough from the stone-floor to let one walk uprightly under them. From what we could learn they did not fill this chaldron more than three times a day at the utmost, it being so large that the water retained its heat several hours. Then, as it is cooled gradually, and lost a portion of its purity with each successive bath, the price of admission decreased to a single cash.

In the corner of this apartment was also a smaller vessel, into which a constant stream of cold water emptied through a bamboo joint, that kept it in an overflowing state unless the bathers were unusually plentiful. From this they dipped buckets full of water, which they carried into the next room to have poured over their heads after the hot part of the bathing was ended. They would hand their two buckets of water to the nearest friend, and stoop down on the concave stone flooring, while said nearest friend would get as great an elevation as possible, and pour the contents on his head; then the water ran through a two or three inch hole in the centre of the floor.

As we concluded our examination of the inner apartment, and again stooped under the chimney-place-like passage way into the outer room, we came upon several persons of all ages and sexes, who had entered since our arrival, and who were then engaged in the process of disrobing, preparatory to taking a dip in the inner tub.

Our appearance did not seem to cause them either surprise or confusion, but on the contrary, as we tried to prevail on the woman of the house to accept a dime in return for what we had seen, they crowded around in their primitive costume to see what the dispute was about. And here was another demonstration of the despotic manner in which the masses are there ruled; that old woman made signs to us that were she to accept a single cash from us, her head would be in danger. And it is more than probable that half of those that crowded around us were spies who would have reported her to the government had she done so.

Japan is worse than Jesuitical Rome, or iron heeled Austria, as far as her police department is concerned. There the child spies and reports upon the parent, and the parent upon the child. The word confidence is not known among them; everything is caution and suspicion.

The Moral of a Fishing Boat.—"Yet, among them (ships) the fisher-boat, corresponding to the cottage on the land, (only far more sublime than a cottage ever can be,) is on the whole the thing most venerable. I doubt if ever academic grove were half so fit for profitable meditation as the little strip of shingle between two black, steep, overhanging sides of stranded fishing-boats. The clear, heavy water-edge of ocean rising and falling close to their bows, in that unaccountable way which the sea has always in calm weather, turning the pebbles over and over as if with a rake, to look for something, and then stopping a moment down at the bottom of the bank, and coming up again with a little run and clash, throwing a foot's depth of salt crystal in an instant between you and the round stone you were going to take in your hand, sighing all the while as if it would infinitely rather be doing something else. And the dark flanks of the fishing boats all asiope above, in their shining quietness, hot in the morning sun, rusty and seamed with square patches of plank nailed over their rents; just rough enough to let the little flat-footed fisher-children haul or twist themselves up to the gunwales, and drop back again along some stray rope; just round enough to remind us, in their broad and gradual curves, of the sweep of the green surges they know so well, and of the hours when those old sides of seared timber, all ashine with the sea, plunge and dip into the deep green purity of the mounded waves more joyfully than a deer lies down among the grass of spring, the soft white cloud of foam opening momentarily at the bows, and fading or flying high into the breeze where the sea-gulls toss and shriek—the joy and beauty of it, all the while, so mingled with the sense of unfathomable danger, and the human effort and sorrow going on perpetually from age to age, waves rolling forever, and winds moaning forever, and faithful hearts trusting and sickening forever, and brave lives dashed away about the rattling beach like weeds forever, and still at the helm of every lonely boat, through stateless night and hopeless dawn, His hand, who spread the fisher's net over the dust of the Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."—*Ruskin's Harbors of England.*

The Alpine Flowers.—"The Alpine flowers have a remarkably deep and vivid coloring. The most brilliant blues and reds, with a rich brown shading to black, are observable amidst the white and yellow flowers of the low countries, and these tints likewise seem to assume a purer and more dazzling hue in these high regions. A similar richness of coloring is met with in the vegetation of Polar districts, where the hues not only become more fiery, but undergo a complete alteration under the influence of the constant summer light and the rays of the midnight sun, white and violet being often deepened into a glowing purple. The Alpine plants often grow in dense masses, and their extraordinary splendor of coloring lends consequently that magic charm to the fresh green turf which renders the pasture-lands of the High Alps so famous. Their balsamic fragrance is no less remarkable and characteristic; from the brilliant auricula down to the violet-scented moss, (*Byssus colithes,*) this strong aromatic property is widely prevalent, and far more so than in the low-lands. As further characteristics of the Alpine Flora, may be mentioned the absence of plants possessing narcotic or highly poisonous qualities, the marked distinction of species which exist, the comparative variety of hybrids, the bitter taste and astringent properties of many plants, and the disproportion of stem and foliage to the luxuriance of the blossoms."

The Alpine rose, purple and yellow gentian, the lilac campanula, auricula, anemone, violet, and the blue columbine flourish brilliantly amid these lofty desolations.

LADY CONSTANCE.

BY SIDNEY DOBELL.

My Love, my Lord,
I think the toil of glorious day is done
I see thee leaning on thy jewelled sword,
And a light-hearted child of France
Is dancing to thee in the sun,
And thus he carols in his dance,

"Oh, a gallant sans peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang!
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back,
His pistol cric-crac!
And his sword cling-clang!"

"Oh, to see him blythe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows 'en rang,'
With a wheel and a whirl
And a wheeling waltzing girl,
And his hour, 'place aux dames!' and his oath 'foi et sang!'
And his hop and his glee
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword cling clang!"

"But hark,
Thro' the dark,
Up goes the well-known shout!
The drums beat the tara-tan!
Cut short your courting, Monsieur l'Amant!
Saddle! mount! march! trot!
Down comes the storm of shot,
The foe is at the charge! En avant!

"His jolly haversack
Of gold is on his back,
Hear his pistol cric-crac! hear his rifle ping-pang!
Vive l'Empereur!
And where's the Chasseur?
He's in
Among the din
Steel to steel cling-clang!"

And thou within the doorway of thy tent
Leanest at ease with careless brow unbent,
Watching the dancer in as pleased a dream,
As if he were a gnat i' the evening gleam,
And thou and I were sitting side by side
Within the happy bower
Where oft at this same hour
We watched them the sweet year I was a bride.

My love, my Lord,
Leaning so grandly on thy jewelled sword,
Is there no thought of home to whisper thee,
None can relieve the weary guard I keep,
None were the flag of breathing truce for me,
Nor sound the hours to slumber or to weep?
Once in a moon the bugle breaks thy rest,
I count my days by trumpets and alarms:
Thou liest down in thy war-cloak and art blest,
While I, who cannot sleep but in thine arms,
Wage night and day fresh fields unknown to fame,
Arm, marshal, march, charge, fight, fall, faint and die,
Know all a soldier can endure but shame,
And every chance of warfare but to fly.
I do not murmur at my destiny:
It can but go with love, with whom it came,
And love is like the sun—its light is sweet,
And sweet his shadow—welcome both to me!
Better for ever to endure that hurt
Which then canst taste but once than once to lie
At ease when thou hast anguish. Better I
Be often sad when thou art gay than gay
One moment of thy sorrow. Tho' I pray
Too oft I shall win nothing of the sky
But my unfilled desire and thy desert
Can take it and still lack. Oh, might I stay
At the shut gates of heaven! that so I meet
Each leaning fair, and cling about his feet
And melt the dreadful purpose of his eye,
And not one power pass unimpleaded by
Whose bolt might be for thee! Aye, love is sweet
In shine or shade! But love hath jealousy,
That knowing but so little thinks so much!
And I am jealous of thee even with such
A fatal knowledge. For I wot too well
In the set season that I cannot tell
Death will be near thee. This thought doth deflour
All innocence from time. I dare not say
"Not now," but for the instant cull the hour,
And for the hour reap all the doubtful day,
And for the day the year: and so, forlorn,
From morn till night, from startled night till morn,
Like a blind slave I bear thine heavy ill
Till thy time comes to take it: come when 'twill
The broken slave will bend beneath it still.

BATHING IN BUENOS AYRES.

Don Luis asked me to accompany them; and though it was certainly new to me, and seemed not a little odd, that I should be invited, with others of my own sex, to accompany the ladies to their bath, I never doubted we were to part company at the water's edge. I of course consented to become one of so novel and interesting a party; and forth we sallied. The ladies were attended by a great many female slaves, bearing their mistresses' wearing apparel. As we moved onward, *en masse*, many was the joke, and loud the laugh, which cheered us on our way. At length the shining river arose upon our view, its waters rippling and dimpling under the dancing beams of the moon. But guess, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Fecina Naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes and the gentlemen in white drawers;—but there was in the exhibition something that ran rather counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum. As I stood by, I saw the whole inhabitants of Santa Fe (for I suppose scarcely one was left in the houses) carry on their aquatic gambols as familiarly as if they had been whirling through the mazes of a quadrille. Merry-making, revelry, and laughter were the order of the evening; and yet, from all I heard and saw, during much subsequent intercourse with this people, I verily believe that their bathing diversions were quite as innocent as a rigid Mussulman would think our European ball-room scenes to be. An over-rigid judgment passed by a foreigner on the inhabitants of Sante Fe, because of their mode of bathing, would be as unjustifiable, and as erroneous, as that of the Mahometan censor on the women of England, France and America, because, like those in his country, they are not cooped up in the harem. At length our party emerged from the water. The ladies were dressed with great dexterity by their maids; the wet bathing clothes were collected; the hair, the long, beautiful tresses of black hair, which had been kept up with a comb before the bath was taken, now floated in luxuriant abundance over the shoulders, and much under the waists, of the Santa Fecinas, as in slow procession they returned to their respective homes. They were careful not to walk too fast, that they might not lose the benefit of their refreshing dip; and when, on arrival at home, they assembled, in tertulia, at their porches, or in their patios, the hair, like a veil, continued to shroud almost every part of them but their face. They alleged that they could not otherwise have their tresses and ringlets dried before the hour of rest.—*Fallow's "South America."*

Comical Dignity.—The chief majesty of Louis the Fourteenth lay in his wig. He knew this; and every night he allowed his valets to undress his body, but not his head. When the disrobing was completed save the head, he retired behind the curtains, which were carefully closed. He then removed his wig with his own royal hand, and thrusting it between the curtains, gave it up to a valet, who received it, turning his head modestly away. Before the curtains were opened in the morning, the wig was passed back to the monarch, and he placed it upon his own head. Louis the Fourteenth was never seen without his wig.—*Profiles by Auguste Vacquerrie.*

☞ Quaint old Andrew Fuller writes truly that "Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire; not in multiplying wealth, but in subtracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear men's clothes getting them, spoil many teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly in eating them."

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

How did people live two hundred years ago? We all know that they had neither railroads, telegraphs, nor Ocean steamers—neither gas, nor heaters, nor, indeed, a score of other things which civilized men in our days could not do without. But there are fifty other matters, relating to the life of our ancestors, of which most persons are ignorant. How did they eat, drink and amuse themselves? Was it the fashion, two hundred years ago, to wear hoops, or dance the polka, or do crochet work? How did our forefathers marry? How were they buried? Fortunately for posterity, there lived in London, two centuries back, a certain Samuel Pepys, who kept a record, for ten successive years, of his daily life, telling how much he paid for his wife's dresses, what they had for dinner, how much gilt and varnish was on his coach, when he saw the king walking abroad, and what the fiddlers asked for music at a party. He began life a poor dependant on an influential kinsman, rose to be clerk and then Secretary to the Admiralty, amassed a pretty estate, became the confidential adviser of the Duke of York on navy affairs, and was often familiarly at Court; and in consequence, in his diary we have a complete picture of life in England, two hundred years ago, through all the various ranks of life from the lower strata of the middle classes, up to the nobility, and even to the king himself.

Two hundred years ago, London was built almost entirely of wood, so that when the great fire of 1666 broke out, nearly the whole city was laid in ashes. Pepys notices, with admiration, as if a novelty, how a brick house "burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt." The streets were narrow, for when, after the fire, it "was talked about, that new ones should be forty feet wide," he congratulated himself on the improvement to the city. There was no paving, no water-pipes, no properly laid gutters. Mud in winter and dust in summer, were the annoyance of the citizens. The common highway was the river Thames, where numerous wherries plied, for it was vastly more pleasant than any street. Yet to even the Thames there was one serious drawback. London Bridge was built with such ignorance of mechanics, that the piers partially choked up the current, making an artificial rapid there, so that "shooting the bridge," as it was called, that is, passing under it, was frequently attended with peril. To avoid this, it was the custom to land, just above the bridge, and take to boat again below. To the indifferent drainage of the city, the close, narrow streets, and the insufficient supply of water, are to be principally attributed the virulence with which the plague raged in old London.

The furniture of houses, two hundred years ago, was very different from what it is now. Carpets were comparatively scarce. They were still bought chiefly for covering tables; matting, rushes and oil-cloth being employed for floors. Pewter sconces were used to burn oil or candles in, instead of chandeliers, candelabra and gas fixtures. Pianos were yet unknown, but the virginal, a sort of ancient spinet, was quite common, for the English people at that period, loved music more heartily than they do now. Hangings to beds were considered indispensable by all persons of condition. Pepys was a proud man, if we may believe his Diary, the day he hung his best bed-room with tapestry; the walls of his second best he covered with pictures, as less expensive. Equipages were clumsy, but gorgeous. Six-horse coaches were owned by all the nobility, and were, indeed necessary, for travelling, so bad were the roads. Ordinary persons, in town, contented themselves with two horses. The coaches were painted, gilt and varnished. There were no good native horses. The most desirable coach horses were Flanders mares. When Pepys set up a coach, he records, with a proud heart, the display he made. "And so anon we went through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us."

Dress was an important item with all classes. The different ranks were distinguishable by their attire, and it was thought presumptuous for one to affect the other. Poor Pepys, even when he got rich, and when he was almost daily at court, found people talking of the gold lace on the sleeves of his new coat, and so went humbly to his tailor to have it removed. When periwigs came into fashion, it was a long time before he could make up his mind, that it was proper for him to wear one. He mentions his wife having one subsequently of light hair. Every few weeks, while he wore his, he had to have his head shaved. The ladies wore vizards, and some of them men's waistcoats. The materials of their dresses were often cloth, laced with silver or gold if they were people of means. Pepys notes his having paid, on one occasion, five pounds for a petticoat for his wife, and as the pound was then worth about twice as much as at present, he expended what would be equivalent to fifty dollars now; but the petticoat was displayed, as embroidered ones are even to this day. He paid, at the same time, six pounds for lace, so the ladies loved fine laces then quite as much as now. When the maids of honor rode on horseback they wore a costume like that of men, hat, coat, waistcoat complete, and were only distinguishable by the petticoat. Painting the cheeks was fashionable. Black patches were also worn on the face. Pepys, one day, met the king and queen riding, and says that, in her "white-laced waistcoat, and crimson short petticoat, and hair dressed *a la negligence*, she looked mighty pretty." Yellow bird's-eye hoods were all the rage; for the modern bonnet had not come into fashion. Sacques were just then coming into vogue. The women of the middle classes wore high crowned hats, laced stomachers, and yellow-starched neckerchiefs. Ladies of quality wore trains. The courtiers and gentry ruffled in silks and velvets of gay colors, plumed or cocked hats, cravats of lace and jewelry, having their hair long, and curling their love-locks, till periwigs came into fashion. Every gentleman carried a sword; and of course duels were frequent.

The table was profusely, rather than delicately served. Tea had just been introduced, and was still very dear, so that the ordinary breakfast beverage was ale. Meat was considered underdone if at all rare. Venison was comparatively plenty, at least with people of means. Fresh beef was common in London during the spring, summer and autumn; but for winter salted meat was the general food. Turkies and mince pies were even then the orthodox bill of fare for a Christmas dinner. As elegant English crockery was of a century later date, and porcelain was only to be had from China and Japan at an immense price, the ordinary table service with even the richer of the middle class, was pewter; while the poor ate from wooden trenchers, or coarse earthenware. With people of condition, consequently, silver plate was more common than at present.

The manners of all, court and people, were very unlike what they are now. The king, instead of secluding himself in solitary state, as monarchs do in our time, kept open court at Whitehall, and walked daily in the Park, nodding to everybody he knew and talking familiarly with the company. Pepys, calling on the Duke of York, found him, with the duchess and her ladies, sitting on the floor, playing a game something like what is now called forfeits. Personal cleanliness was generally neglected, and taking a bath a thing to be noted down. Affrays in the street were frequent, and men often killed in consequence. Music and dancing were usual at evening parties, and it seems a common thing to have stayed up, at such entertainments, till one or two o'clock in the morning. Three or four persons of both sexes would frequently hire a coach, go out for an afternoon's ride, sup at some tavern, visit the theatre, and then adjourn to the residence of one of them, where, sending for fiddlers, they would dance till midnight. Sometimes the sport would end by ladies and gentlemen flinging cushions at each other. Men and women, if intimate, kissed when they met. The Puritans and Quakers of course lived differently. In May, ladies of every rank were accustomed to rise at daybreak, and go out into the fields to gather May dew, the belief being general that it beautified the complexion. Masquerades were a popular species of amusement. Gold fishes were a novelty, just introduced as parlor ornaments. In general, the age was a more brutal one than this. Bear gardens, where bears were baited by dogs, were a popular resort. Pepys records beating his servant girl as if it was a common mode of punishment. Traitors were executed with cruel and horrible rites.

Marriage was even more a matter of bargain and sale than at present. Parties openly chaffered, as in France to this day, for a wife for a son, or a husband for a daughter. When a rich citizen died, his widow almost before his burial, was besieged with suitors, lords and courtiers being as ready, than as now, to trade off rank for money. Weddings were celebrated with hearty, but coarse festivities, such as throwing the stocking and other obsolete customs. The evening usually concluded by the guests visiting the nuptial chamber and kissing the bride in bed. Funerals were more ceremonious even than now. Pepys describes his brother's. The guests were a hundred and fifty, though, he says, he had bid but a hundred and twenty. "Their service," he records, "was six biscuits apiece, and what they pleased of burnt claret. My cousin Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them." The men sat by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others. Rings were given, at funerals, to the relatives, and friends, and servants: at Pepys' own funeral a hundred and thirty rings were distributed; varying in value from five to ten dollars each.

Taste and knowledge were very inferior, generally, to what they are now. Pepys' wife had been educated at a convent in France, yet did not know arithmetic; and of Pepys' numerous correspondents hardly one spelt correctly. It is well known that Paradise Lost, which came out about this time, was considered, even by the critics of the day, as a proxy, if not silly affair. At the Royal Society, of which Pepys was a member, there was a lecture on respiration, but without throwing any light on it: "It is not known or concluded on," says puzzled Pepys, "how the action was managed by nature, or for what use it is!" The fixed stars were a mystery also to the scientific men of that age. "Spong and I," says Pepys, writing of an astronomer, "had several fine discourses upon the globes, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I either." Medicine was almost quackery. Pepys wore about him a hare's foot to prevent colic: and though the first experiment failed, he did not lose faith in it, but attributed its want of success to his having cut off the joint. The plague, which raged so frightfully in 1665, found the physicians almost wholly ignorant what to do.

The cost of living, two hundred years ago, is difficult to ascertain. A day laborer, or mechanic, earned about a shilling a day. At present, the former earns twice as much, even in England, and the latter four, five and eight times as much. All dress fabrics, all luxuries, all descriptions of furniture, were costlier then than now: but meat and ale were cheaper; while bread was nearly the same price as at present. Lord Sandwich, Pepys' patron, hired a spacious mansion, surrounded by gardens, in the suburbs of London, for what would now be equivalent to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Pepys seems to have generally spent what would be equal to three thousand per annum; but he lived expensively, and better than the majority of the middle class: and when he set up a coach he spent more.

The immorality of the age was proverbial. It affected public as well as private life. The servants of the crown, high and low, not only took bribes, but would do nothing without them. Pepys acquired his estate principally by bribes and by jobbing. His salary was but three hundred and fifty pounds yearly, yet in some years he made three thousand pounds: but he never seemed to think he did anything criminal; and he appears also really to have had a conscience, which few other public employees had.

But enough. Two hundred years hence, when some private diary of 1856 comes to light, as doubtless there will, our customs, manners, and perhaps even morals, will seem as curious to our descendants as those of our ancestors now appear to us.

A GARDEN.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In scraps of foreign and domestic talk;
And, sifting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream,
That sluiced with langnid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster-towers. TENNYSON.

Dr. Johnson on the Beauties of Literature.—It was an annual custom with Dr. Johnson's bookseller, to invite his authors to dine with him; and it was upon this occasion that Dr. Johnson and Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, met, when the following dispute happened between them on the pre-eminence of the Scotch and English writers. In the course of conversation, Dr. Warburton's name was mentioned, when Dr. Rose observed what a proud, imperious person he was. Dr. Johnson answered, "Sir, so he was, but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan." Dr. Rose, after enumerating a great many Scotch authors (which Johnson treated with contempt,) said, "What think you of David Hume, sir?" "Ha! a deistical, scribbling fellow." *Rose*—Well, be it so; but what say you to Lord Bute? *Johnson*—(with a surly wow-wow)—I did not know that he ever wrote anything. *Rose*—No! I think he has written one *line* that has outdone anything that Shakspeare, or Milton, or any one else ever wrote. *Johnson*—Pray, what was that, sir? *Rose*—It was when he wrote an order for your pension, sir! *Johnson*—(quite confounded)—Why, that was a very fine line to be sure, sir. Upon which the rest of the company got up and laughed and hallooed, till the whole room was in a roar.

Art and its Fidelity to Nature.—In Colonel Wall's "Etchings of Travel," an anecdote is told of Garrick criticising Raphael's cartoons. The great actor took exception to the attitude of Elymas, the Sorcerer, who stood, he said, with his feet stretched out like a clown; whereas he was no vulgar fellow, and should have been pictured, therefore, with his arms extended, like a gentleman seeking aid. "I will show you," said Garrick, "how he ought to be represented." Accordingly, he closed his eyes, and, like the blind Elymas, began to cross the room. When he had reached the middle Sir Benjamin West, who was one of the company, approached him, and told him not to alter his position, but to open his eyes. Garrick's surprised exclamation, when he obeyed, was, "I am Raphael's Elymas." He had, in fact, forgotten, as any blind man would, all about the graceful, gentlemanly extension of arms of which he had spoken, and had instinctively advanced his feet and toes, like the feelers of an insect, exactly as Raphael had represented Elymas, the Sorcerer.

Shakspeare's Character.—Shakspeare was no saint, but a good man he was, certainly. But if a saint he had been, he would have been a poet of larger spiritual insight. A man of falsehood, or selfishness, or injustice, or habitual sensuality, Shakspeare never can have been. Measured by the common height of principle among men, he must have been noble minded. And this I believe more surely than if I saw it; for he might have deceived my eyes, but through his writings he has put his soul in contact with my moral sense.—*Eclectic.*

COLOR AND ITS USE IN ARCHITECTURAL ART.

Pugin, in one of his most popular works on the Pointed, or, as he termed it, Christian style of architecture, thus speaks of an important point in structure:—"Another most important but now neglected part of masonry, is," he observes, "the jointing of the stones. All bond and solidity is frequently sacrificed to what is called a neat joint, by setting one stone on end to form a jam, when the same space in good old constructions would have been occupied by five or six stones tailing into the wall, and lying in their natural bed, a point which should be much attended to. Or, if the jambs are built in courses, they are made as uniform as possible, like rustics; by this means the effect of the window is spoiled, the eye, owing to the regularity of the work, is carried from the jamb to them; while in the good old masonry, the irregular outline of the stones does not interfere with the mouldings of the windows. Another point to be remarked in the old masonry is the smallness of the stones employed. Now, independently of this being the strongest mode of construction, it adds considerably to the effect of the building, by increasing its apparent scale. Large stones destroy proportion. Not only are the stones used in ancient buildings exceedingly small, but they are also very irregular in size, and for the reason that the jointing might not appear a regular feature, and by its lines destroy those of the building."

All this is very true, but it appears strange that in addition to these arguments, the distinguished author from whom we have quoted did not also make some allusion to the color of ancient buildings as one prime source of their beauty. An old edifice composed of numerous small stones offers to the rays of light a rugged surface upon which the vine gather, presenting to the eye the most agreeable and harmonious tints. A modern building, on the contrary, (especially if the Greek or Classic style be adopted), with its large square blocks of stone, gives us nothing but a flat surface with a color (comparatively speaking) dull and monotonous.

Of all hideous surfaces to buildings (and there are many degrees of hideousness), none, we think is worse than a cemented house painted drab.

Again, why does old brickwork look better than new? Is it not in great measure because the pointing is worn out, and the surface of the bricks are unequal? Nothing can be finer in color than the old Roman brickwork about the Forum, as seen in the baths of Diocletian, and other places; the vines collected on the rugged surface exhibit in perfection the variable tints it affords. Further to illustrate the same principle, some, perhaps, will remember that almost all the early masters who painted on canvass used a very rough surface, the granulation of which presents an agreeable effect to the eye. The same thing may be remarked of *fresco*, the beautiful tones of which are in a great measure due to the plastering on which it is executed being rough cast. Again, our water-color masters use a rough cartridge paper for the same purpose, with excellent effect. Not, indeed, that a rough surface has anything magical about itself. It may rather be considered as a mechanical contrivance to save labor. Real beauty of color consists not in roughness or smoothness of surface, but in that variety and changefulness of hue (not incompatable, indeed, with an even tone), which is characteristic of natural objects. Now, this may be obtained (in coloring), by the use of a material presenting sundry small inequalities, but in a higher degree, by the use of the brush in painting, and of the chisel in sculpture. The laborious process called "stippling," so well known to the painter of miniatures, has this object in view. Each touch thus put upon the paper or the canvass, has an individuality about it which adds much to the total result obtained. All these contrivances, therefore, of rough paper, or rough canvass, are really inferior to what has been well called *durus limæ* labor, the hard toil of the finishing touches. This is that persevering, earnest love of the work for the work's sake, which gave such refinement and value to the works of our predecessors. Observe then the bounty of Providence. It is the human hand and eye alone which can gain this exquisite perfection. In these days when marvels are performed by machinery, in how many cases is it our lot to regret the real superiority of the old fashioned hand-made article. Above all, in point of color, is this superiority noticable? In it each touch has its peculiar value and significance. Why is a Cashmere shawl superior to an imitation because mechanical contrivance enters more largely into the latter than the former. The same principle will account for the great superiority of the Oriental coloring, so much remarked upon both in the French and English exhibitions. There is no machine so delicate as human fingers.

Color alone is of that exquisite nature which appears to be beyond the reach of mechanism. Who ever beheld a colored print that was other than a lamentable failure? And that, we apprehend, simply because of those exquisite and subtle variations which constitute fine color. Why does the pictured mosaic or rich tapestry please the eye? Simply because, being the result of manual skill, they afford those infinite gradations of tone which mere mechanism cannot reach. It is a curious thing, that while a colored print is almost always quite worthless, the tone of a valuable old engraving is precisely that part of it which the accomplished connoisseur most prizes. Our best photographers say that they can imitate any part of a valuable print except its tone of color.

Next, perhaps, to the sedulous labor of the human head and hand, there is no finer colorist than old Time—"Time's effacing fingers where the power of beauty lingers."

To produce full beauty of color, we must have large neutral masses varying in size and form, and arranged according to the principles of light and shade as understood by the painter.

By a broad neutral mass of color, it is not meant that it should be absolutely even in tone; but that while uniform in its general aspect, it should admit within certain limits of gradations and varieties. Such are weather-stains on buildings and old brick-work, which add to their effect exactly upon the same principle as fine chiselled work or delicate stippling improves the work of the sculptor or painter.—*Real Estate Register.*

Surgical Operations Under Chloroform, &c.—Has the following passage been "noted" in your pages? If not, it would be curious to non-medical readers, like myself, to know whether opium, or what is supposed to have been made use of more than two hundred years ago, by the "old surgeons," "who, ere they show their art, cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part," &c.; and whether the use of ether, and subsequently of chloroform, in surgical operations, is merely a revival in these enlightened days of some heretofore forgotten practice of the "dark ages," or whether it is really something new?

Women beware Women, tragedy by Thomas Middleton, first printed 1657, Act IV. Sc. 1.:

"*Hippolito.* Yet, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,
Which she shall never know till it be acted;
And, when she wakes to honor, then she'll thank me
for't.
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb; *who, ere they show their art,*
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part:
So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;
Then she'll commend the cure."

—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ We see in Broadway windows, says the Times, a "seamless skirt" for ladies, advertised.—Good. Anything that will make their skirts seemless, will be grateful to gentlemen, and to ladies, too, who have to pass through hoop-frequented streets.

OUR DOUBLE NATURE.

Two lives the meanest of us live:
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden history none may give
But he who lives it; he alone

Its wondrous scenaries can know,
Its ever changing streams of thought,
Its deep unutterable woe,
Its visions bright and heaven-fraught.

He o'er its secret sins may groan,
And blush to hear the common praise
Of actions which, if rightly shown,
Could only loudest censure raise.

He o'er its noblest may rejoice,
Though none the virtues can behold
For acts that win the common voice
Demand a blazonment of gold.

And so with full potential power
For vilest sins or purest deeds,
We pass through life and win a dower
Of mingled praise and blame, that needs

A juster judge the scales to hold
Than e'er on earth weighs cause and deed.
Ourselves and God alone behold
The motives which to actions lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame,
Alike unearned—alike untrue—
Receiving praise where men should blame,
And blame where praise is rightly due.

—*The Lamp of Life.*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Benson & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RENUNCIATION.

Far, lingering on some distant dawn,
My triumph comes, more sweet than late,
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

—*Anonymous.*

Wakefield was fearfully pale; his dark eyes contracted and sunken, gleamed with the fires of a passion aggravated almost to madness.

Vivia remained seated with a serene and queenly aspect, somewhat softened by a slight shade of sorrow.

"Vivia," he began in the cold, formal, measured tone, not of insensibility, but of powerful, and *powerfully repressed* emotion. "Vivia, twice already rejected by you, once in the East, and again on reaching our native shores—there would be more than humiliation, there would be dishonor in urging again that subject—therefore I seek your presence now with no intention of casting myself beneath your feet to solicit your reluctant love! I come to entreat, nay! to demand an explanation of the causes of that fatal inconsistency in your conduct towards myself which has resulted in the wreck of my whole life's happiness! Vivia—were you—all peerless as you are in every other respect—were you still the creature of conventionality, pride and prejudice, as are too many of your companions in society, I should but consider myself the transient dupe of an accomplished coquette, and should disdain to occupy my thoughts farther with the investigation of her motives. But you are not one of these—as far as the heavens above the earth, are your thoughts above such low vanities. You never act from indifference, still less from levity or wantonness. Your motives are always serious and conscientious. Some holy principle governed your conduct therefore in this as in all things. What was it, Vivia? Why have you led me on by a false hope step by step, from height to height, to leave me mad, blind, reeling upon the brink of this dizzy precipice of passion and despair? Yes! why?"

"Wakefield, subdue yourself—be calm."

"Calm? I am *still*."

"Yes, still as the storm fiend when 'he pauses to gather his fearful breath.'"

"Vivia, from the day of our first momentous meeting, through all the years of boyhood, youth, manhood, up to this hour, my soul has been as bare before you as before her Creator; while yours has been as inscrutable to me as—with reverence be it spoken—as that of the Creator. But, Vivia! by the long, protracted trial of years, I swear to you that to-day your heart shall be revealed to me even as mine has been and is to you! I await your explanation."

"Mistaken one! do not insist upon this."

"I insist—*persist!*"

"Were I to reveal myself to you, you would cease to love me."

"Cease to love you! then it would be because I should cease to live! because the fate of Semele, oh, muse! would be my fate also?" exclaimed the young man with a sudden burst of enthusiasm.

Vivia remained serene and impassive.

"Your sojourn in the land of ancient poetry and mythology has tinged you with its picturesque tone, Wakefield," was the only comment she made upon his wild words; while heedless of the interruption he continued,

"And yet I dare it! I dare the fate of Semele! Reveal yourself to me, Vivia, that at last I may see you!"

"Wakefield, your language is that of insanity. Yet I understand you. I would not affect to do otherwise. But speak to me in simple language, if you would have me reply."

"Well then, your motive! your motive! in all your dealings with me?"

"From first to last your good—purely that."

"My good! Great Heavens! and what was—and is my good! my greatest good! you! the only and all containing good I ask from Heaven or from you! *yourself*. Oh! Vivia, I deemed you proud and aspiring. I deemed that you would never bestow your peerless self upon one who had not acquired some distinction in this world—"

"That demonstrates that you never indeed knew me aright. The distinctions of this world are too often false and transient."

Without heeding her interruption he went on—"For you I aspired! endeavored! triumphed! *only* for you! from first to last, only for you! What was, first, the poor school boy's motive? Were there any tickets, premiums, medals set before him? no! but your bright rewarding smile! What was the youth's incentive? college honors, degrees, appointments? In what college truly did he pursue his studies? no! no! but your elevating approbation! And what has been the man's inspiration? fame? wealth? glory? no! no! no! and forever no! but your crowning love!"

Vivia shook her head and waved her hand with a queenly repelling manner; but Wakefield went on—

"What to me—to *me* indeed, is the adulation that has been lavished upon me by these world-worshippers!"—he paused an instant, as a lofty disdain lifted the short upper lip and dilated the thin and quivering nostril of his fine classic profile, and then passed as an emotion, not familiar to that face; and he continued in a grave and earnest manner—

"Do I not know them? do I not know that men—ah! how much wiser! how much better! how much every respect worthier than ever I can hope to be!—have perished through the neglect of such as these!—have perished because though seeming more than men they were yet not gods, and needed human sympathy and help, and found it not among these worldlings! Do you suppose that I flatter myself, or suffer myself to be elated by all their favor? Do you suppose that I am the least grateful for it, even? Do I not know that any real worth within me never would have won their applause, far less their respect, still less their true sympathy? Do I not know that it is not to myself nor to my work, but to you, to you that I owe this social triumph, as I also owe my genius—nay, I had nearly said my soul! And now, Vivia, listen! For all these goods that I have received from you, you have taken a fearful price—a jewel worth them all! my heart's peace!"

A deprecating wave of the hand and the words—"No! peace is not worth more than all, any more than sleep is worth more than action, death more than life," was the reply that Vivia made.

But he continued with earnestness—

"Oh, Vivia, three days stand out in living light from all the other days of my life! The first—that early spring morning when, while at my boyish work of mending fences, your voice reached my ear, and I turned to behold you! your little scarlet mantle, your radiant countenance, all glancing in the early sunlight! I see them still—shall ever see them! Oh, Vivia, in that hour my soul seemed first created! The second day was, when, depressed and desponding, I threw down my task and gave myself up to apathy—you suddenly appeared before me, smiled upon me, and, in playful allusion to the chivalric stories we had read, you decked me with your colors, called me your knight, and bade me rise and struggle with my fate, 'conquering and to conquer!' I tell you, Vivia, that from that hour, a power of endurance and of achievement undreamed of until then, invested my soul. The third day—we were no longer boy and girl, but youth and maiden, you severed from that glorious aureole—your hair, a ray of light—a ringlet of gold, and laid it on my heart. Vivia! from that moment the strength and patience of a hero descended into my bosom; I felt the power given me to endure, to achieve, to become—anything! everything! for your sake. Well, I am young, yet I have won fame, and won the way to wealth! I have laid my honors at your feet, but you scorn alike the offering and the votary! You, the bride for whom I have toiled longer and harder than did Jacob for Rachel—than did Menelaus for Helen, or ever man or demigod for woman or for goddess—you the crowning glory of my aspiration—you are not won! You—my muse, my inspirer, my guardian angel and guiding star! you have led me up and up to the summit of this mount of ascension only to disappear from my sight, to leave me alone on its cold height, alone in bitter desolation! Oh, Muse! why did you appear to the peasant's child at his work? Why did you inspire a soul into the soulless clod? that it might suffer, writhe, madden, with a fruitless aspiration and a worse than fruitless, a destructive passion! Oh, Light! why did you shine upon the poor moth only that he might consume himself in your cruel fire?"

"Wakefield! Wakefield! nothing but transient madness, the double frenzy of the poet and the lover, could excuse the exaggeration of your language; and nothing whatever can even palliate its irreverence! It is better that I give you no explanation of my motives of action) better that you should leave me, cease to think of me, and, if possible, quite forget me," said Vivia, with a grave composure, that seemed to rebuke the passionate vehemence of his language and manner.

It did not even modify his excitement. He exclaimed—

"Leave you? forget you?—*you?*—great Heaven! even you, with all your power, cannot enable me to do that! Oh! you have created a soul—"

"Wakefield! Wakefield! you blaspheme!"

"*Evoked*—and inspired a soul, then! and now you cannot enfranchise that soul from belonging to you, from loving you and worshiping you! No! you cannot in all the ages of eternity sever it from your own!"

"And yet must that soul be severed from mine at once—*enfranchised*—you have used the right word." As Vivia spoke, a cloud overshadowed her radiant brow, and the deep melody of unshed tears trilled in her voice. "Wakefield, you have invoked from me a revelation that I would fain have withheld, and I must make it! It may wound unto death that self-love, that you, in common with all men, possess—it may obscure through all our earthly lives your love for me—yet must I make it! The explanation *unspoken*—and though we separate, your love for me would continue uninterrupted—and though we might suffer in our parting, we might hope to meet again in this world to part no more! but that explanation *once spoken*—your affection for me will grow cold, will die out, and nothing short of a miracle can in this world revive it!"

"*My* love for you grow cold, Vivia! Look you! I know that that sun now setting all the western horizon on fire with its glorious light, will, in millions of ages, burn itself out; but—my love for you ever in time or eternity grow cold! no! no! not if the soul be immortal! For my love is limited only by my soul's life! Oh! why should you think otherwise?"

"Because few mortal men's love could survive the revelation I am about to make you! a woman's would; were our cases reversed my affection would gain new life from a knowledge of the position!"

"And if yours would, then mine will! or if it does not, it will be because it is as full of life now as human love can be! But what, then, is this revelation? I am lost in conjecture!"

"Ah! you will understand when I tell you; you will also wonder that you did not for yourself discover this—*our inverted relation*," said Vivia, who still hesitated, as one who sought excuses to defer the promised explanation. "Well, well! listen, then! you have just said, and you have *often* said that *I*—I—a mortal maiden, had 'created' the soul in your bosom; mere raving, of course, impious raving, Wakefield! that nothing could justify; that you could not endure another should say of us; that of course you yourself in speaking, did not for a second believe; and yet, Wakefield—and yet, in using those wild and sinful words, you *approached something near the truth!*—and this is what you can never bear to hear from me; the learning of which will kill your self-love and your affection for me; yet shall you hear it, for the knowledge will at last enfranchise your spirit, which must at any cost be freed. Yes! you come near the truth! bear *how* near! for though I could not create a soul, I developed yours, which but for me would have been stunted and dwarfed! Doubtless I was enabled to do this only through some spiritual, eternal relation between us. I held the one point of that electric chord whose other point animated your bosom. Well, I awakened and aroused the slumbering soul within you—nay, more, I have involuntarily attracted and absorbed that soul, until it is principally by and through me that it lives! You think my thoughts; love my loves; *live my life*. Your sentiments, opinions, principles are not yours because they are *right*, but because they are *mine!* You seek to live not in and from the Lord; but in and from me! To live from the Creator is freedom, individuality, life indeed, and life eternal! To live only from a fellow creature is the abnegation of all these; is death or perversion. In living from me, you forego your own higher place in the order of the Lord's creation. Withdraw yourself therefore from me, Wakefield, and turn to the Lord."

"Vivia, this is all mere transcendentalism!"

"Ah! you really think so?"

"I think that our united life would be very happy!"

"And I have not said that it would not; but happiness is not any more than peace is, the first object in life! I might indeed give you my hand, as I long since gave you my heart—and my life might be larger, and richer, and happier for the possession of your love; you also might be happier in your false paradise, but you would continue to lose individuality, free agency, spirit-life—all of which I should receive."

"Well! since I am willing! since I am desirous! since I am anxious, to give heart, soul, spirit—all to you! why do you hesitate?"

"Because the gift would empoverish you! since you do not look to the Lord, nor open your soul to receive from Him the spiritual life that would make you rich for giving; because in such inverted relations our union would be out of the Divine order. The woman should not stand between the Lord and her husband, as in our marriage I should do."

"Transcendental!"

"No! not even strange, or unusual.

"Marriages such as this, are more common than you suppose—wherein men become, intellectually, morally and spiritually, the slaves of higher souled women; while married pairs harmoniously related, observe with pity. Often the domination of the woman is invisible—'she by obeying'—(or rather by *seeming* to obey) 'rules'—but is not the less a real rule! Sometimes it is for good, sometimes for evil—but in all cases the man loses his spiritual life; because he lives in and from his wife, and not in and from God. In our case, Wakefield, should we now marry, my dominion might be invisible, or it might seem to be for good; you would appear to the world the man of genius, of moral and intellectual greatness, the scholar, the poet, the philosopher! while I should remain overshadowed. But you would not the less have lost your selfhood in me the real life of your life. Wakefield! my Wakefield! leave the woman whose love would only engulph you! leave her, and grow up into the individual spirit of wisdom and power, that the Lord intended you to be, so that in some future age we may meet and blend forever without destruction—the one to the other!"

"Stop," said Wakefield, shuddering as with a sudden chill; "we all like to be killed or cured—*secundum artem*—we like to know there is a right reason in our sentence. Resolve me therefore this difficulty—if our marriage would be a spiritual loss to me, why then was Basil's marriage such a spiritual gain to him?"

"Because his affection for Theodora lifted him from the sloth and sensuality of his nature—while Theodora's love for him was only a Heavenly charity; because their spirits could never meet and blend as ours could, or the one engulph the other, as would happen in our case."

"That is all I had to ask you! It is over then?" questioned the young man with an agonised tone and look.

"It is over for time. For this mortal sphere, Wakefield, I renounce your love! Only in the Heavens, perhaps, will you understand the full meaning and value of this renunciation."

"Vivia, farewell."

"God bless you, Wakefield."

He was gone—and she remained pale, cold, faint, as one from whom all life had been withdrawn. An hour passed, but her attitude continued unchanged. Austin and Helen returned from their ride, looked in, spoke gayly to her, and disappeared to doff their habits; but she had not noticed or replied to them. A servant came in, and with more noise than necessary, replenished the coal fire, lighted the lamps, closed the shutters, and then approached and asked orders; she did not see or hear; and fearing to disturb her repose, the servant quietly retired.

All this time Theodora had been sitting at the farthest extremity of the two parlors, pursuing her work at a portable drawing board, first by the light of the setting sun, and now by that of a chandelier that hung above her head.

Vivia still sat wrapped in her cold apathy, until at length "a still, small voice," a plaintive, pleading voice from the other end of the apartment spoke,

"Vivia! oh! Vivia! please come and help me."

What could have rendered Vivia insensible to a call for help? That little cry for aid penetrated where ruder sounds could not have reached, and awoke her from her lethargy. Rousing herself with an effort, she put back the damp hair from her pallid brow and stood up.

"What is it, dear Theodora?"

"Oh, such a strange instance of suspended power! This morning such a glorious subject came into my head. It was Regulus, before the Roman Senate. This afternoon I began to paint it. As I worked, the vision brightened—the countenance of the god like Roman was before me distinct, and all glorious in the light of his sublime renunciation. But within an hour the vision has receded. I cannot recall it. The face of Regulus I cannot finish, because I can no longer see it. Come help me, Vivia."

Vivia went to the back parlor, where Theodora set before her small easel under the light of the hanging lamp. Before her lay the unfinished picture. Vivia, bending over her shoulder, examined her work.

"Regulus! yes, it is a fine subject, Theodora. Sit patiently before your canvas, therefore, and wait for the vision to reappear. Regulus! yes, it is a glorious subject," she continued, and drawing forward a chair and seating herself near the little, pale artist, she began to speak of the grand old Roman hero and martyr, of his sublime act of self-immolation on the altar of his country's glory, with an eloquence that belonged to herself alone, and with an enthusiasm that communicated itself to Theodora, who soon resumed her pencil, and with a glowing cheek and kindling eye worked on while Vivia talked.

At last when Vivia ceased, Theodora exclaimed in triumph,

"Look now, dear Vivia! is not this Regulus?" and she turned the canvas towards her friend.

"It is a fine picture! That head is Christlike!" said the latter.

"And was not the self-immolation of Regulus Christlike?"

"Somewhat. And it was all the more admirable, that he was a pagan without the revelations of Christianity to sustain him! without the knowledge of another life that should indemnify him."

"I think so, too; there is not much merit in bearing the cross with the certainty of soon wearing the crown."

"No—and we who live in the light of revelation should find the duty of renunciation easier!"

The entrance of Helen and Austin here ended the conversation. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT PLOMBIERES.

Louis Napoleon has been at *Plombieres*, for the benefit derived from the waters. The above engraving represents his greeting of the crowds that throng to welcome him from the adjacent rural districts and towns. The Emperor seems still to be very popular with the people.

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

The condemned man traversed the inner court on foot. At the entrance of the external court, a green carriage was waiting, with two gendarmes holding open the door. Louis entered; his confessor taking a seat by his side, and the soldiers mounting in front. The signal is given, and the *cortege* moves on. It was a mournful scene. From the prison to the place of death was ranged a double line of pikes or guns, borne by men who, in their immovable silence, seemed like armed statues. The weather was cold and misty. A leaden stillness, only once broken at the gates of the Temple, by a cry of "Mercy! mercy!" uttered by the trembling voices of some women, reigned along the entire line of march. Here and there, a few shops were half open; everywhere the shutters were closed. For the foot passenger there were no means of issue; nor was a single carriage in those streets, except that one which tolled on amid universal silence, bearing the unhappy one then called Louis the Last!

At ten minutes past ten they reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the Palace of the Tuileries, in the square called after Louis the Fifteenth, and near the spot where stood the statue of the most corrupt of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the Temple he had refused the redingote which Clery had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches, and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbe Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold,—with cannon ranged on every side,—while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude gazing. * * Descending from his carriage, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers who surrounded him, and with a menacing voice cried, "Silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but at a signal from their officer, the drummers again went on. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it was evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approached to take off a part of his clothes; he repulsed them fiercely, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his frame seemed to be turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Tie my hands!" he shrieked. A struggle was inevitable—it came. It is indisputable, says Mercier, that Louis fought with his executioners. The Abbe Edgeworth stood by, perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last, as his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said, "Sir, in this additional outrage I only see a last trait of the resemblance between your Majesty and the God who will give you your reward." At these words, the indignation of the man gave way to the humility of the Christian, and Louis said to the executioners, "I will drain the cup to the dregs." They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and then, leaning on the arm of his confessor, he began, with a slow tread and sunken demeanor, to mount the steps, then very steep, of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he seemed suddenly to rouse, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold; when, by a sign commanding silence, he exclaimed, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was now very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Pont-Tournant. Some other expressions were distinctly heard, "I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray Heaven that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France." He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comedian, Dugayon, in anticipation of the orders of Santerre. "Silence! be silent!" cried Louis the Sixteenth, losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, then seized a pistol, and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife.—*Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.*

BREAD AT DISCRETION.

"Pain a discretion." Such is the tempting notice one sees in the advertisements of the most moderate of the Parisian restaurants—"a prix fixe." You may have dishes more or less in size or number, wine in all gradations, from quarts to *carafons*; but your discretionary power of devouring as much bread as you please is religiously preserved. There are many places which advertise two dishes and a dessert—the latter, be it observed, a very solid dish, if you choose to make it so. You get, in addition, a carafon, or half an imperial pint of wine—all for the sum of 7d.; and yet even here you have your bread at discretion. These are places haunted by men with good coats on their backs—clerks, junior officials, and gentlemen in temporary distress, for the distress of a Parisian monsieur is never anything but temporary; and the most unequivocal sign of it is his dining at a restaurant *a quatorze sous*. But there are places where you get the same number of dishes, with a bottle of beer and a clean table-cloth on Sundays and fete-days, all for something under 4d.; and yet still you have the inevitable bread at discretion. These words are like magic on the Parisian ears; they form the barrier between a dinner for men *comme il faut* and a dinner for the *canaille*; for although the men that haunt the restaurants *a huit sous* wear blouses for the most part and are commonly workmen or *commis*, still they affect gentility to all its extremes, being ready to knock any man down who should call the fact in question. This discretionary power over the loaf is anything but nominal—the extent to which it is used is perfectly marvellous. It has been calculated that an Irishman will consume seven pounds of potatoes in a day; according to which, he eats his own weight in about a fortnight. Let any one who doubts the fact pay a visit to a restaurant in the Rue Moliere, and see a Frenchman's performances on the elongated mass of baked flour which performs the functions of a loaf. He comes in with a determined air, as conscious of the importance of the business he is about to enter upon, and the difficulties he may possibly encounter in its progress. Having seated himself, and duly conned the *carte* of penny dishes as carefully as if it contained a list of made dishes of venison and turtle, he tucks his napkin into the open part of his waistcoat, and sets to work upon the bread. There is little less than a yard in front of him, and yet in a few minutes a hoarse voice is heard calling from his corner: "Garcon, du pain!" He is obliged to repeat his order; and if it is not then obeyed, he gets up, marches to the counter, and helps himself to another yard. His primary object is to take off the edge of his appetite before he sets to work upon his two dishes. There is a story of a civic dignitary of London, well seasoned to city-feasts, and up to all the systems, theoretical and practical, of making the most of them. He was seated by a raw beginner—or, as he would probably have called him, an underdone beginner—who had no notions except that most primitively savage one of satisfying his appetite, and set to work with all vehemence of hunger upon the nearest joint. His neighbor eyed him with a look of mingled regret and compassion, and at last exclaimed: "Ah, sir, when you have reached my age, you will know better than to throw away such a beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!" Our Frenchman is just as good a theorist as the most obese member of the court of Common Council; but he is not at a civic feast; and his theory, equally just under the circumstances, takes a diametrically opposite direction. He has but two dishes to dispose of, and he cannot afford to begin upon them with a fresh appetite. He would have no time to be conscious of their flavor. So, having prepared himself by his two yards of bread, he can begin his dinner with the leisure requisite to extract its relish, which he does as scientifically and deliberately as if the meat had not been bought by contract at 2½d. the pound.

Pot-luck, or the *fortune de pot*, is on the whole the most curious feeding spectacle in Europe. There are more than a dozen shops in Paris where this mode of procuring a dinner is practised, chiefly in the back-streets abutting on the Pantheon. About two o'clock, a parcel of men in dirty blouses, with sallow faces, and an indescribable mixture of recklessness, jollity, and misery—strange as the juxtaposition of terms may seem—lurking about their eyes and the corners of their mouths, take their seats in a room where there is not the slightest appearance of any preparation for food—nothing but half-a-dozen old deal-tables, with forms beside them, on the side of the room, and one large table in the middle. They pass away the time in vehement gesticulation, and talking in a loud tone; so much of what they say is slang, that the stranger will not find it easy to comprehend them. He would think they were talking crime or politics—not a bit of it: their talk is altogether about their mistresses. Love and feeding make up the existence of these beings; and we may judge of the quality of the former by what we are about to see of the latter. A huge bowl is at last introduced, and placed on the table in the middle of the room. At the same time a set of basins, corresponding to the number of the guests, are placed on the side-tables. A woman with her nose on one side, good eyes, and the thinnest of all possible lips, opening every now and then to disclose the white teeth which garnish an enormous mouth, takes her place before it. She is the presiding deity of the temple; and there is not a man present to whom it would not be the crowning felicity of the moment to obtain a smile from features to little used to the business of smiling, that one wonders how they would set about it if the necessity should ever arise. Every cap is doffed with a grim politeness peculiar to that class of humanity, and a series of compliments fly into the face of Madame Michel, part levelled at her eyes, and part at the laced cap, in perfect taste, by which those eyes are shrouded. Mere Michel, however, says nothing in return, but proceeds to stir with a thick ladle, looking much larger than it really is, the contents of the bowl before her. These contents are an enormous quantity of thick brown liquid, in the midst of which swim numerous islands of vegetable matter and a few pieces of meat. Meanwhile, a damsel, hideously ugly—but whose ugliness is in part concealed by a neat trim cap—makes the tour of the room with a box of tickets, grown black by use, and numbered from one to whatever number may be that of the company. Each of them gives four sous to this Hebe of the place, accompanying the action with an amorous look, which is both the habit and the duty of every Frenchman when he has anything to do with the opposite sex, and which is not always a matter of course, for Marie has her admirers, and has been the cause of more than one row in the Rue des Anglais. The tickets distributed, up rises number one—with a joke got ready for the occasion, and a look of earnest anxiety, as if he were going to throw for a kingdom—takes the ladle, plunges it into the bowl, and transfers whatever it brings up to his basin. It is contrary to the rules for any man to hesitate when he has once made his plunge, though he has a perfect right to take his time in a previous survey of the *ocean*—a privilege of which he always avails himself. If he brings up one of the pieces of meat, the glisten of his eye and the applauding murmur which goes round the assembly give him a momentary exultation which it is difficult to conceive by those who have not witnessed it. In this the spirit of successful gambling is beyond all doubt the uppermost feeling; it mixes itself up with everything done by that class of society, and is the main reason of the popularity of these places with their *habitues*; for when the customers have once acquired the habit, they rarely go anywhere else. The approach to something like a full meal is but the secondary feeling; and yet this ought to count for something too, for in most instances the man is not sure of another morsel till the morrow. If he had the money, he would rather spend it in an evening pool at the billiard-table over the way. The rest try their fortune in turn, according to the numbers they have drawn.

It is impossible to see a Frenchman more in his element than under such circumstances. The drollery with which he receives a bad haul of the spoon—though it is a day's starvation to him—and the jocular comments of the rest upon the way in which he has earned his ill-fortune, form altogether tragi-comedy, not to be realized anywhere else. This mine of curious character and incident has not been neglected by the French novelists. At these places, the face of Balzac used to be familiar. It was rarely that eminent novelist missed a day without entering some of the strange scenes with which the capital abounded, for the purpose of drawing those varied traits and characteristics by which his works are distinguished.—*Chambers's Journal.*

WHO WRITES DUMAS' WORKS.

A very interesting article recently appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, entitled "The Literary Leviathan," describing the secret of M. Alexandre Dumas' extraordinary literary fecundity. The writer asserts that, in the first place, few or none of the works bearing Dumas' name are original, and cites instances of wholesale plagiarism without any acknowledgment; and, in the second place, he asserts that the most popular of those which are attributed to Dumas were written by assistants, whom he employed. The writer says, in a part of his article:—

"A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to the world as the works of Alexander Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Mallefille; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Un Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualhaic; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers*—we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America—was *written* by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms. Previous to the historical romance coming into vogue, what may be termed romantic biographies were written, in which the lives of *real* historical characters were treated in a romantic manner. One Gatien de Courtiltz, a writer of romantic biographies in the early part of the last century, hit upon the very excellent subject of the life of M. d'Artagnan, from his departure when a poor lad from Bearn, his native place, to his high elevation at the French court as captain of the royal musketeers, and prime favorite of Cardinal Mazarin, and to his glorious death in the trenches at the siege of Maestricht. Accordingly, in 1701, Courtiltz published his *Memoirs de M. d'Artagnan*—a romance, be it remembered, founded on real life—and introduced into the work the fictitious characters, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, their intrigues, duels, amours, drinking bouts, and gambling matches, since so well known to the readers of *The Three Musketeers*. In fact, Maquet did not task his invention for a single incident; he did not even alter the names of the leading characters; he merely modernized the style of part of the original *Memoires*. But as the work of Courtiltz is not very rare—we have met with it on London book-stalls—Maquet, to put his readers on a false scent, alludes in his preface to the *Memoires*, but in a light, careless manner, as if merely incidental to a more elaborate reference he makes to a certain manuscript life of a Count de la Fere, which he *discovered* in the Royal Library at Paris. This manuscript has been sought for, but in vain. It never had an existence, save in the too cunning mind's-eye of M. Maquet. Probably M. Dumas himself was imposed upon with respect to the originality of *The Three Musketeers*, for he never saw the work until it was printed. It appears that when M. Maquet was *making* it, he one evening supped with some brother *literateurs*, and the conversation turning upon the book-manufactory of M. Dumas, a friend asked Maquet why he did not write in his own name.

"The reply was: 'Monsieur Dumas pays me more for my writings than the publishers would.'

"'But,' said another, 'Monsieur Dumas always re-writes, or at least corrects the works written by others which he issues as his own.'

"'Not at all,' said Maquet; 'and as a proof he does not, I will introduce into the manuscript of the work I am at present engaged upon the most awkward paragraph in the French language. I will repeat the word *que* sixteen times in five lines, and I will bet you a dozen of champagne that the whole sixteen will be found in the printed work.'

"The bet was taken, and M. Maquet won it. The sixteen repetitions of *que* are still extant in five lines of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*."

FRUITS OF THE CRIMEA.—New apples, of extraordinary excellence, have been discovered in the Crimea, which will, no doubt, find their way to Europe and America. Pallas speaks of one called the Sinap Alma, which keeps till July, and acquires its excellence before the new year. Wagon loads are annually sent to Moscow, and even to St. Petersburg. There is also an autumn apple, thought to be far the best ever tasted in any country. A larger cobnut than heretofore known, is also recorded. Twenty-four varieties of grapes are cultivated, either for wine or the table. None of them appear to be of importance.—*Edinburgh Phil. Jour.*

Life in Paris.

IMPORTANT ITEMS—A FOSSIL WONDER—GETTING OUT OF A DIFFICULTY—NORTHERN SPLENDORS—A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

PARIS, Aug. 14, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor returned to Paris on Saturday last; the Empress, who has not quitted St. Cloud during his absence, came to the Tuileries to meet him, and he then proceeded with her to St. Cloud.

The city is upside-down with preparations for the festivities of to morrow, when the Emperor's birth-day will be celebrated with games, plays at the theatres and in the open air, balls, illuminations and fire-works.

The *Junta* of the Spanish province of Biscaye has just passed a bill recognizing the heir of the Napoleons as "a native" of their province, in virtue of his descent, through his mother, from the old Biscayen families to which she belongs on her father's side. The report of the Committee, to whom this important question was submitted, sets forth, among other considerations, that "the blood of the illustrious Ezquerias, Zurias, and Guzmans flows in the veins of this child, and the blood of men of such lofty rank must necessarily produce a hero!" and goes on to demand that, "in order to preserve among the historical souvenirs of the great Basque families, a name destined at some future day to figure among the most illustrious men of the age," the Junta do at once declare Prince Napoleon to be a Biscayen of illustrious race, and that, as lord of the castles of Arteaga and of Montalvan, and of a large portion of the territory of our province, he shall enjoy all the rights and prerogatives of the Biscayen people. The signature of the bill in question is dated "Given under the liberty-tree of Guernica, July 16, 1856."

M. Lartet, possessor of a landed estate at Sansan, the indefatigable hunter-up of antediluvian and fossil remains, who discovered, some years ago, in the tertiary fresh-water deposit of that region, a small fossil monkey, (the first ever found on our globe,) has just dug up, out of a bank of clay, the fossil remains of a very large ape, of the class of *Simia*, whose proportions must have surpassed those of the *Chimpanze* of the present day. The remains in question consist of two halves of the lower jaw, and a fragment of the chin-bone. Each half of the jaw has preserved its complement of teeth, (those of the second teething!) and the piece of chin-bone proves the face of this ancient individual of the monkey family to have been considerably shorter than that of his great-grandchildren of our time. This fossil monkey has quickened the hopes of the minority of geologists and ethnologists who have so long maintained the probability of some future explorations putting us in possession of the fossil remains of the earliest specimens of the human race; an expectation which the greater number of their *confreres* have hitherto treated as unfounded and chimerical.

The Count de Moray has reached St. Petersburg, and is expected to cut a great dash at the Coronation. The Turkish Ambassador, sent to the same ceremony, had no carriage, and a splendid gilded concern, prepared for the Viceroy of Egypt, packed and just starting for the Nile, has been taken possession of for that functionary, the arms of Egypt painted out, those of Turkey painted in, and has been forwarded in all haste, with a coachman, lackeys, and horses, kindly supplied by the Emperor Napoleon. His Turkish Majesty will be thus duly represented at the coming ceremony.

It appears that this ceremony will really be something of extraordinary splendor; and while awaiting the particulars of the grand doings to be performed in honor of the Emperor Alexander, I have jotted down for the amusement of your readers, a description of Moscow and of the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, which I have just had from a personage who was present on that occasion.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that although the modern city of St. Petersburg is the metropolis of Russia, in the spheres of government, politics and fashion, Moscow, the ancient capital of the Tsars, is still the capital of predilection, the traditional cradle of the Empire, "the Holy City" of all faithful Russians.

Seen from the heights of the Mount of Salvation, Moscow astonishes and delights the eye with its magnificent mixture of gilding and verdure, spreading over an extent of some eight-and-twenty English miles, and constituting a panorama unequalled by any other city. This vast expanse is literally covered with castles, palaces, villas, and parks, each with its own dependant village clustered about it; with arsenals, public buildings, academies, and theatres, glowing with gilding and brilliant colors, and lofty spires, surmounted, some with the Christian cross, others with the Mahometan crescent, but all as lustrous as the most lavish employment of gold can make them. In the midst of this splendid surrounding rises the majestic fortress of the Kremlin, whose moats and ditches have been converted of late years into the loveliest of landscape-gardens. The noblest Russian families inhabit Moscow from generation to generation; the churches are full of the most sacred relics; and the ancient capital still stands pre-eminent among the cities of the Empire, both as being the headquarters of the Russian faith, and consequently attracting armies of pilgrims of the lower classes, and also as the scene of the Coronation of those especial favorites of Heaven, and chiefs of earthly sovereigns, the Emperors of all the Russias.

The quarter of the Kremlin is to Moscow what the Ile Saint Louis is to Paris, and the "City" to London; its municipal kernel and traditional heart. In this, the most ancient portion of Moscow, are assembled a greater mass of palaces, churches, public monuments, and riches of all kinds, than can be found on any other corresponding extent of the earth's surface. Of these structures the Kremlin—surrounded by turretted walls flanked by towers—the old palace of the Tsars—called the palace of granite—the Imperial palace built by the Empress Elizabeth, and the Angular Palace, as it is called—where the Emperors receive the national authorities after the Coronation, though all distinct, appear to form but one enormous building.

Of the churches, the most famous is that of the Archangel Michel, in which lie the remains of the Tsars who preceded Peter the Great, since whose time, although Moscow is still the scene of the marriages and Coronations of the Sovereigns, St. Petersburg has had the honor of guarding their ashes.

The Emperors are married and crowned in the Church of the Assumption, one of the three magnificent cathedrals contained in the Kremlin. No description can give an idea of the luxury with which the churches of Moscow are fitted up, of their treasures of diamonds and other jewels; of the nine great gilded domes of the Church of the Assumption, and its magnificent pavement composed entirely of the richest agates.

Thirty years ago, Moscow was preparing for the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, as it is now doing for that of his son; and innumerable crowds were flocking thither from all points of the globe, as they are flocking now.

The day before a coronation is always celebrated in Russia as a religious holiday. On the day preceding the ceremony in question, the crowd of worshippers was so great that the 293 churches of Moscow, in all of which a pompous religious service was celebrated, were unable to contain the faithful who had assembled to pray for the Imperial family; and a part of the crowd remained outside, bareheaded, and with joined hands, waiting their turn to enter the sanctuaries.

The pomp of the Church in Russia is as imposing as that of the Army, which took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. The Heralds-at-Arms, in their magnificent old costumes, carefully preserved for generations, attended by Masters of the Ceremonies, and followed by squadrons of troops, issued from the Kremlin and proceeded through the different quarters of the city, where they read the Imperial proclamation to the crowd, who replied with frantic acclamations of loyalty and affection. Meantime the Emperor and Empress were praying, first in the Church of the Annunciation, and next in that of the Holy Saviour, which dates from 1330, when it was called "The Church of the Saviour in the Woods."

Next morning, at daybreak, a discharge of 21 cannon gave the signal to the troops to enter the Kremlin, and form the double hedge along all the streets that lead to it. Six thousand great personages, invited to occupy raised seats in the interior court of the Kremlin, hastened to take their places, and the populace, called in Russia "the black people," filled the adjoining avenues in masses so compact that the 50,000 soldiers encamped round the Petrowski Palace, where the Tsars reside for the few days preceding their coronation, at Moscow, had the utmost difficulty in keeping their places. Every costume, language and race was to be seen in this vast crowd, from the black coat of modern Europe to the flowing robes of the East and the sheepskins of the Tartars and Cossacks.

All the Courts of Europe, including that of Rome, had sent Ambassadors to this ceremony; and the assemblage of uniforms and orders was almost as imposing as that of costumes.

To give an idea of the influx of visitors from every part of the Empire, it is sufficient to call to mind that the Emperor had ordered eight hundred horses to be kept ready for the service of travellers, at each of the post-houses between Warsaw and Moscow, by no means the most frequented of the many roads leading to the "Holy City."

The imperial procession passed slowly out of the palace of the Tsars. First came the Empress-Dowager, preceded by the clergy, and literally sparkling, from head to foot, with jewels; her long mantle, embroidered with the Russian eagles, was carried by pages. She walked under a rich dais; her ladies and chamberlains being grouped around her. After her came the princes, princesses, and ambassadors.

Next came the Emperor Nicholas, with the Empress at his side, followed by his sons and brothers. The imperial party walked under a dais borne by eighteen lieutenant-generals. After them came the Imperial Guard, with their gilded helmets, gilded cuirasses, and *gilded boots*,—a mass of gilding in fact,—dazzling the eyes of beholders. The dignitaries of the Church, in pontifical habits, glittering with gold and jewels, were drawn up in the peristyle of the Cathedral, and offered to the Emperor the bread and salt prescribed by ancient usage. As the Emperor entered the peristyle, the largest bell of the Ivan-Velikai tower (of which more anon) burst into a sudden clang of welcome, which was at once echoed by all the bells of the city.

The choir of the Cathedral, covered with brocaded carpets and cloth of gold, was occupied by three thrones, of whose magnificence the most minute description would fail to convey an adequate idea.

The first, and most ancient, was sent, in 1606, to the Tsar of that day, by a Shah of Persia. It was round, and without a back; but it was impossible to see with what sort of stuff it was covered, so thickly was every part of its surface covered with pearls and precious stones. The Empress-Dowager took her seat on this throne, placed a few steps apart from the other two.

The second throne had the form of a high arm-chair, and belonged to Peter the Great. Its value is inestimable, being entirely covered with rubies and turquoises. Placed on a platform, beside that of the Emperor, this magnificent seat received the Empress, then in the freshness of her youth and beauty, gorgeously attired, and glittering with jewels.

The seat occupied by the Emperor is called "The Diamond Throne," and answers exactly to its name, being one mass of magnificent diamonds, placed so close together that they have the appearance of a single stone. The imperial family, ambassadors, and great nobles, took their places around the imperial pair.

But the conclusion of the ceremony must be reserved for my next. QUANTUM.

[From the N. Y. Herald, 25th ult.]

The Yellow Fever at Fort Hamilton.

The news we received from Fort Hamilton late last evening was heart-rending in the extreme.

Heretofore the disease has been mainly confined to the wealthy families living on the sea shore, but now it has broken out at a place known as Irishtown, among a population of very poor people, and is reported to be very fatal.

It is stated $100 a day are offered to nurses, but even that exorbitant price will not induce them to risk their lives by attending to the sick. The whole labor has fallen upon a few persons, among whom are Mr. Paul Oliver, whom we mentioned yesterday, and Rev. Michael Scofield, the Episcopal clergyman, and the latter has been compelled to retire and recruit, so arduous and exacting has been his labor.

The friends of those who have relatives sick at Fort Hamilton, offer any money to physicians and nurses who can be prevailed on to go down, for it is notorious that many wealthy persons have died of sheer neglect at this place, being abandoned to die a painful and loathsome death, with no one to comfort or attend them in their last agony.

The following is a report of the sick and dying up to Tuesday night, as far as we could collect: Mr. Tully, dead; Mrs. Cummings, died on Monday night; Mr. Cummings died on Tuesday morning; Mr. H. Green, of Hotel, sick; Mr. Green, Jr., son, sick; Mr. Little, sick; Mr. Little, brother, sick; servant girl of Mr. Cummings, sick; Charles Doyle, sick; James McKnight, sick; Maggy Ross, getting better; wife of the gardener, William, sick.

Last evening we learn there were six new cases reported, as follows: Miss Tully, sick; Miss Gruger, sick; servant girl of Mr. Cummings, sick; servant girl of Gen. Stanton, sick; a soldier, name not reported, sick; Jack, a colored man, one of the beach patrol, sick.

The two companies of United States soldiers in the Fort were marched out some two weeks since, and are now encamped, to the number of two hundred, several miles inland. There are only a few sentinels left in the Fort, and they daily sicken.

YELLOW FEVER AT STATEN ISLAND.—Although the yellow fever has almost died out in the Marine Hospital, several cases have occurred in the district of Southfield. In Clifton there are three cases reported, as follows:

—— Silva, a lad about 14 years of age, reported dead, on Tuesday night.

Daughter of Mr. Aspinwall's coachman—quite ill.

Mr. Austin, who is now recovering.

The utmost consternation prevails among the villagers, and there has been a regular stampede from that part of the island. Over twenty farmers have left since Saturday last, and there are hardly teams enough to take away the goods.

Mr. Green and his son are lying very low. There is no prospect of any one who is now sick recovering. They are dying from sheer neglect. Every family, rich and poor, who can raise money in any way to get away from the place, are leaving. Dr. Vollum, of the army, is the only physician in the place. All the others have fled, but he has done all that one man can do; has been up night and day, and now the Government has ordered him to Bedlow's Island. He is only waiting to be relieved by the regular physician of the Fort, Dr. Bailey.

CAN DO THEIR OWN KISSING.—Not a thousand miles from this village lives a very exacting land holder. He makes his tenants "come to time" on the very day the rent comes due, and will only relax his stern decrees when a handsome woman is in question. Not long since, he called for his rent of a very worthy mechanic, who, by the way, rejoices in the possession of a very pretty little wife. The husband was not at home. Shylock called, and he was enchanted with the pretty little wife of the tenant. She could not liquidate the amount due; but the landlord, becoming really enamored, told her he would give her a receipt in full for just one kiss.

"Sir," said she, boiling with indignation; "myself and husband are very poor; perhaps we cannot pay our rent, but I tell you, sir, we are not so poor but we can do our own kissing!"

Ain't that a glorious consolation for poor folks? The hardened creditor may take all their property, but he can't deprive them of the privilege of kissing. —*Elmira Gazette.*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 264—Adults 79, and children 185.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Norristown Herald says, that Henry D. Phillips, who represents the 22d district of Pennsylvania on the Fillmore electoral ticket of this State, is well known to be an ardent Fremont man. This makes five such on the same ticket, viz: Caleb N. Taylor, of the 7th district; G. W. Youngman, of the 15th do.; S. E. Duffield, of the 17th do.; John H. Wells, of the 20th do.; Henry D. Phillips, of the 22d do.

WHIG MOVEMENTS.—The Massachusetts Whigs met at Boston on the 25th ult. Speeches tending in favor of Mr. Fillmore were made by George Lunt, George S. Hillard, and others.

FREMONT BARBACUE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Fremont barbacue took place, on the 26th ult., in the Charles River Grove, near Needham. There were 25,000 persons present, and the proceedings were very enthusiastic. An ox was roasted. Hon. David H. Hitchcock presided, and speeches were made by Charles Hudson, Thomas Marsh, J. C. Park, E. C. Baker, and others. A letter was read from Hon. Charles Sumner, regretting his inability to be present. It was the greatest assemblage ever known in the State.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHAIR.—Private despatches from Boston state that Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., has declined the nomination for Governor which was tendered to him last week. Hon. G. W. Gordon has been nominated in his place.

THE FILLMORE MEN had a great celebration, near Cincinnati, on the Ohio river and its levees, on the 27th ult.

THE NEW YORK AMERICAN STATE COUNCIL met at Syracuse on the 26th ult., composed of over 300 delegates. The North Americans were refused admission. On the 27th, resolutions were offered by a Free Soiler, condemning the attempt to gag free speech in Washington, denouncing the Kansas outrages, the Nebraska act, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, &c. The resolutions were ruled out of order, when a few of the Free Soil delegates withdrew, and organizing separately, passed resolutions to the above effect, and also endorsed Fremont. The 'regular organization ratified the nomination of Mr. Fillmore.

THE NATIONAL KANSAS COMMITTEE met at Saratoga on the 27th ult., and adjourned to meet at Albany on the following day. At Albany, on the 28th, the Committee adopted a resolution that, having authentic information that preparations were making in Missouri for an armed invasion of Kansas, Theodore Hyatt, W. T. Arney, and Professor Daucles, be appointed a committee to call on the President, and solicit the interposition of the Government to prevent the impending civil war and the slaughter anticipated, and that they procure, if possible, the co-operation of members of Congress in the application.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FORGING BANK NOTES.—A curious circumstance happened on Saturday, which, says the Paris correspondent of the Atlas, may be just as alarming to you as it proved to us. The science of photography has for some time past been the rage amongst the young men of fashion in Paris, and has been carried to a great perfection by many of them, but by none to a greater extent than by M. Aguado, whose successful studies from nature are well known among the artists of every country. On Saturday morning this gentleman sent word to the experts of the Bank of France, that he had at length succeeded so fully in the imitation of one of the thousand franc notes that he defied them to detect it, and to show his perfect conviction of the impossibility of discovery he warned them that the note would be presented at the bank between one and three. According to this intimation, the whole of the experts were assembled at the caisse, and each note brought in was submitted to their examination before it was accepted. The hours passed by, and no false note appeared; the whole of those presented during the interval specified lay in a row spread out befor the experts, who already crowed over the idea that M. Aguado had not dared to hazard the experiment, when, just as the clock struck three, in he walked, smiling and triumphant, with a thousand franc note in his hand. "Well, have you detected my forgery?" said he, with the greatest coolness. "No," replied the head expert, laughing, "for a good reason—you never sent it." "Why, there it lies right under your nose—the third to the left, and here is the original I took it from." The dismay of the experts may be conceived when even upon comparing the two they found it impossible to say which was the genuine note, and which the false.

A committee was held to determine upon the course to be adopted, as, according to report, an immense number of these photographed notes are in circulation, and M. Aguado declares himself able to manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected either by sight or touch. The consternation created by the announcement is not to be described, and the report tells us that the Bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor resident here, to furnish a chemical preparation of his own discovery which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's hair brush dipped in the liquid and passed lightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to withstand the test of the learned doctor's brush.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OBSTETRICS.—Madam Augustine K——, apparently in a very interesting condition, recently was a passenger on the steamer from Calais to Dover. On her arrival at the latter place she was placed in an arm-chair, and begged, in plaintive tones, to be forthwith carried to a hotel, but a Custom-House officer, who appeared to feel a warm interest in her condition, had her carried to an apartment of the Custom-House, where, having procured the services of a female searcher, the poor lady was speedily and safely delivered of 2 petticoats, 15 scarfs, 17 pieces of lace, 12 pairs of silk stockings, 38 pieces of cotton, 6 reticules and 48 Lyons handkerchiefs.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings at the different yards were larger this week than last, and the market ruled dull at previous quotations.

The following sales are reported at the Bull's Head New Drove Yards:

113 Ohio Cattle, sold by B. Soldenridge, to go to New York, at 9¢ the 100 lbs.

91 Virginia, by J. Cochran, at 8¾c.

36 Delaware Co., by Cochran & M'Call, @8¼c.

105 Virginia, by P. Hathway, at 8¼c.

25 Chester county, by P. Hathway, at @8¼c.

94 Virginia, by Cochran & M'Call, at 8¼c.

114 Ohio, by B. Soldenridge, at 8¼c.

150 Grass Cattle, by various persons, at 8½c.

Mr. Strickland reports the following as having passed his scales, mostly sold up the Road:

111 Ohio Cattle, middling quality, by Abrams & Hickman, at 8¼@8½c.

42 Chester county do, good, by the same, at 9¼c.

38 do do do by A. Rittenbaugh, 8¼c.

26 do do do middling, John Shalby, at 8½c.

25 do do do good, Truman, Gaston & Trainer, at 9¼c.

77 Chester county Cattle were also sold at Torbert's, by J. Kennedy, at 8¼c @ 10c lb.

About 250 Cows and Calves were offered, mostly at Thompson's, Ridge Avenue, sales ranging at $29 to 45 for fresh Cows, $20 to 35 for Springers, and $15 to 25 for Feeders, the market closing dull.

Of Hogs, the arrivals at Singer's Yard reached near 2000; sales ranging at 7¾ to 8¾ the 100 lbs; 40 Horses were also brought in there.

Of Sheep and Lambs the receipts are about 4500, most of which were disposed of at from $2 50 to $4 each, according to condition.

Recapitulation of the week's sales, and where from:—

	Beef Cattle.
Pennsylvania	400
Ohio	300
Virginia	382
Total	1136
Cows and Calves	250
Hogs	2000
Sheep and Lambs	4500

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The supply of Beef Cattle here for the week, reached 3,100 head, but being principally in the hands of the speculators previous prices were without much difficulty sustained. Good and prime qualities brought 9¢a10c—the average being about 9¼c. Among the receipts was a drove of Texas Cattle which brought 8½c. Ohio, New York and Kentucky were the largest contributors; and at the close there were but few left over unsold. Milch Cows were dull, and without much change in price. Veal Calves have become scarce and they are much wanted at very full prices. Sheep and Lambs continue steady, and prices are a shade lower.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, variable quality, per 100 lbs, $10@11; do good quality, $9.50a10.50; do common, $8.50a9.00; do inferior, $——a8.00. Cows and Calves extra, $——; do good, $45a55; do common, $25a35. Veals, 5a6c; extra 6½c. Sheep and Lambs, $3a5.00. Swine, gross, — a —; do nett, — a —.

Beef Cattle.		Head.
From Ohio		920
Illinois		271
Kentucky		300
Virginia		113
Pennsylvania		50
New York State		330
Texas		114
By the Hudson River Boats,	Beeves	910
do	Swine	60
By the Harlem Railroad,	Beeves	350
" "	Cows and Calves	3
" "	Sheep and Lambs	425
" "	Veal Calves	103
By the Hudson River Railroad,	Beeves	501
" "	Swine	300
By the Erie Railroad,	Beeves	583
" "	Swine	581
By the Camden and Amboy		172
On foot—Cattle		301

AT BROWNING'S.—328 Beef Cattle, @9a10.50; 40 Cows and Calves, $25a70; 74 Veal Calves, 5½a7c; 6,61 Sheep and Lambs, $2a5.00.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—181 Beef Cattle, @9a10.50; 23 Cows and Calves, $30a60; 12 Veal Calves (live weight) 5½a7; 8,218 Sheep and Lambs $2.00a5.66.

AT O'BRION'S.—127 Beeves, $9.00a10.00; 102 Cows and Calves, $26a60; 67 Veal Calves, 5½a6½c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	3,170	2	196	425
Browning's	328	40	74	6,61
Chamberlain's	181	23	121	8,325
O'Brien's	127	102	58	——
Total	3,853	228	398	12,264

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The Cattle market presented quite an animated appearance, in consequence of the heavy offerings and the large number of purchasers and dealers on the ground. Prices were about the same as last week. There were 1060 head offered at the scales, 325 head of which were driven to Philadelphia, and the balance (735 head) were sold to Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3, at the foot of the beef, equal to $7@8.25 net, and averaging $5. A small lot of very inferior quality brought higher figures. Hogs—There were sales at $7.50@8. Sheep—Prices have somewhat improved, and we note sales at $4.75 for the best quality.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, September 1, 1856.

The Dry Goods Trade has been only moderately active for the season during the week just past with the Commission Houses, but the Jobbers have been quite busy with the Western trade. There are no material changes to notice in Goods. Brown and Bleached Cottons are firm, with moderate stocks, particularly of the low grades. Print Cloths and Drills keep well and rule and bring full prices. Prints meet with ready sale, and all good styles are firm. Canton Flannels are active. Stripes and Ticks continue in fair request. Cloths, Cassimeres and Satinetts are taken quite freely at steady rates. Shawls also sell well, and Flannels and Blankets rule about stationary, with moderate sales. In the Produce markets business has also been moderate, and the late foreign news has had but little effect on any of the leading staples. Breadstuffs opened firmer, and the prices of most kinds were better early in the week, but the market for Flour and Wheat closed rather lower. Both continue scarce at a further improvement. Coal is moving off more freely and commands full prices. Iron is also more inquired for, and the mills are well supplied with orders. Cotton has ruled very quiet during the entire week, but without change in quotations. Seeds—There has been more doing at fully former rates, but Sugar and Molasses are dull. The Provision market remains unchanged, with moderate transactions in Bacon and Lard at steady prices. Hemp, Hides and Leather continue inactive for the want of stock. Naval Stores are quiet, but Spirits Turpentine mixed with a stronger feeling. Oils continue on the advance. Whiskey is firmer to-day. Of Salt the receipts and sales have been large and prices about the same. In Seeds there has been more doing in Timothy, and the market has been pretty much cleared out at fully former rates. Other kinds are quiet. Teas and Tobacco are steady. Whiskey has further slightly declined, and Wool, although without much movement, has been more inquired for to go East, and prices continue very firm as before quoted. In other articles there are no important changes to note.

ASHES—The market is better for both kinds, with a very light stock. Pots are quoted at 6½c7, and Pearls at 7¾a8 the last fig.

BARK continues scarce and in request at a further advance; some 200a hhds No 1 Quercitron having been sold at $28 @ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady, with further small receipts and sales.

BEESWAX—Very little offering or selling, and good Yellow is held at 27a28c @ lb, but without sales to any extent.

CANDLES—The market is firm, with a small business doing at 9½a10c for Sperm and 8a8½c for Adamantine.

COAL—Orders come in freely and the receipts and sales continue large, but the want of suitable vessels and the high rates of freight limit operations very materially. There is no change in prices, which rule very firm on account of the late advance in Freight and Toll on the Railroad and Canals; the following are the receipts from the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, compared with the corresponding week last year:—

	1855.	1856.
Lehigh Canal	46,020	40,080
Schuylkill Canal	59,006	35,201
Reading Railroad	50,227	53,4 8
Total for week	154,173	129,029

The receipts do not increase as was hoped. The three lines foot up as follows, as compared with the same period last, year:—

	1855.	1856.	Declined
Lehigh Canal	775,005	705,112	69,973
Schuylkill Canal	683,803	676,715	7,108
Reading Railroad	1,432,423	1,627,48	195,365
Total	3,046,351	2,813,335	232,466

Allegheny Coal is dull.

COFFEE—There has been more activity in the market within the last few days, and some 5000 bags, principally Rio, have been taken at full rates, ranging at from 10¢ to 11½c, mostly at 11a11½c. Sales, 1000 bags Rio, prime, at 11c, 140 bags do at 9¾@10c, 220 do, rejected, 10½@10¾c, 34 do at 10¾c, and 42 at 9¾@10c. There were no transactions in Laguayra or Java.

FLOUR—The supply is getting rather light, and Howard Street, City Mills and Ohio, are held firmly at $6.62½, at which price we note sales of 400 bbls Howard Street, and 250 bbls City Mills. A sale of 1000 bbls Howard Street was made at $6.56. The market closed firm at $6.62½ for all descriptions. Family and Extra Flour—Sales are making regularly of Baltimore manufactured family at $8.25@8.50 @ bbl. We quote Howard Street and Ohio family at $8 25a8.50, and extra do $7@7.25.

GRAIN—Wheat—The market is firm, with light receipts. The offerings being almost entirely Red Wheat. A lot of 1,000 bus White, from North Carolina, was sold at $1.08 cents for seed. Sales of good to prime white at $1.40a1.50. Choice lots of family flour wheat would have brought $1.50a1.52. Good to prime red sold at $1.40a1.42, and ordinary at $1.30a1.35c.

CORN—There was a steady demand. The receipts were 8,000 bus; white sold at 74@76c for good, and yellow at 75c, the latter figure for very prime. There was no prime white offered.

OATS—The receipts were 3,000 bus. Sales of considerable lots at 39a39c.

RYE—There were 810 bus offered. Sales of Maryland at 76c. Pennsylvania would readily bring 82a83c.

WHISKEY—We note sales of 300 bbls city made at 33½a34c, and 100 bbls Ohio at 34a34½c.

September 1.—Sales of Flour to-day at $6 62½; Wheat firm; Corn steady at 69a71c; Whiskey unchanged.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is not very active, and low grades are 10c easier, but good brands are in moderate supply and well supported. The inquiry for export is limited and confined to extra brands. The sales are 900 bbls at $5,90a6.15 for common to good State, $6,10a6.25 for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake, $6,20a6.35 for common to good superfine Ohio, $6,20a6.50 for fair to very good extra Ohio, $6,35a7 for common to fair extra Ohio, $6,35a7 for St Louis brands, $7a7.25 for extra Genesee, the latter price for choice brands. Canadian Flour is in limited supply and is firm. Sales of 200 bbls at $6,30a7,20 for extra brands. Southern Flour is hardly so firm, with more offering of the low grades. Sales of 1800 bbls at $7a7,25 for mixed to good standard brands Baltimore, and $7,30a8 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is dull, and inquiry is light. Sales of 75 bbls at $5,30 4,85 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is long in supply. Sales of Jersey at $4,75a5,30, and Brandywine at $4, and puncheons at $19.

GRAIN—The supply of prime Wheat is moderate, and the market is firmer, with a good demand, in part to arrive; sales of 40,000 bushels good red Southern at $1,53a1,56 for white at $1,61a1,65; 5000 bushels good Indiana at $1,55; 30,000 bushels Upper Lake red, (new) to arrive, part at $1,50, and 21,000 bushels red Illinois at $1,56a1,57, part to arrive. Rye is better, and the demand fair; sales of 1100 bushels new at 90c, and 2000 bushels old at 95c. Oats are scarce and buoyant; sales of State at 44a50c, and Western at 43a46c. Corn is in brisk demand to-day, and the market is firmer and 1c higher at the close, with some advance in freights the upward tendency was checked; the sales are 84,000 bushels at 68 83 cts for Western mixed; 83a85c for Southern yellow, and 64a67c for do white.

HOPS Old (the 1855 'si are selling in lots as wanted at 7a8c; the sales are 20 bales to-day. New arrive in small lots. The total receipts are about 300 bales, 10 of which sold at 15 cents or 2c @ lb. Cotton is objected to in the receipts are 1000 bales, Western; the quality is good and the yield, it is generally believed, will be a full average crop.

COFFEE—There has not been much disposition to purchase; after yesterday's activity the market is firm and a good trade prevails. Sales of 331 bags Maracaibo at 11¼a11c, and 300 mats Para at 11c.

SUGARS—The market has again been dull, and prices show a downward tendency. Refined are dull and sales for future delivery are contracting at a decline. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 7¼@7¾c, and 126 hhds Porto Rico on terms not made public.

MOLASSES—A little more has been done, but prices of foreign are scarcely sustained. Sales of 400 hhds Cuba clayed, to go East, on terms not mentioned.

OILS—Linseed continues in good demand at steady rates, with sales of 5a6,000 gallons from crushers' hands, at $1,05a1,07, in casks and in bbls. Nothing further has transpired from first hands; large sales have been reported for future delivery, but we cannot trace them. Crude Whale continues active request; we hear of further sales of 1,000 bbls at New London, at 80c for fair to handsome. Refined is in fair request, and holders are demanding higher rates. Sales 5,000 gallons bleached Winter at 85c, 4 months, and small sales at 91a92c, but at the close some holders were asking 93a95c; at present these are extreme prices, however.

WHALEBONE—The market is emphatically at a stand. The former buoyancy and activity has suddenly been reversed, and all the week the difficulty of receiving and delivering Hides has increased, all on account of the ominous notice that they, more than any other merchandize, carry contagion. An arrival today of Oronooco increases the fleet of vessels already collected at quarantine.

WHISKEY—The market is lower, with only a moderate demand; sales of 200 bbls at 33a34c.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is less active, but prices of mess are firmer; the arrivals are light and the stock is reduced; the sales are 500 bbls at $19,75a19,87½ for mess, $18,75a 17,25 for rumps, and $18 for prime. Beef is held with more confidence and is in fair request; sales of 200 bbls at $8,50a9 for prime, $9a9.25 for country mess, $9,50a$11 for repacked mess, and $11a12,50 for extra mess. Prime mess is quiet at $17a17. Beef Hams are scarce at $18a20. Cut meats are inactive at 9¼a9½c for Hams, and 8¼a8½c for shoulders. Bacon is quiet at 11a12c. Lard is hardly so firm; the demand is light, but the stock is equally so; sales of 230 bbls and tierces at 13¼a13½c. Butter is firm; prime is not plenty, and is in good demand at 17a21c for State and 15a18c for Ohio. Cheese is saleable at rates.

September 1.—Cotton market quiet; Flour drooping—5000 bbls sold at $7a8 for Southern; Wheat drooping—12,000 bus sold at 1c@ for Southern Red; Pennsylvania 1½c. Corn drooping—67 sales for Mixed. Mess Pork advanced—$50 bbls sold at $19 87 a20; Beef firm; Lard buoyant, at 13¼a13½c; Whiskey has declined—1000 bbls sold at 32c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

H. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,

No. 73 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib @ lb	16a18	Leg, Loin, Chop @ lb	12a
Sirloin Steak	16a18	Breast and Neck	8
Rump do	14a15	Whole carcass	9a10
Chuck pieces	10a12	Veal.	
Plates and cavels, c'rad	6a7	Fore quarter @ lb	9
Tongues, fresh, each	25	Hind do	11
Leg, each	37½a50	Chop	12a
Shin	25 a50	Cutlet	14
Kidney	6a12½	Sweetbread, each	18a
Liver @ lb	6½	Pork.	
Dried Beef @ lb	20	Young Pigs, each	$1,75a1,87½
Lamb.		Salt and fresh @ lb	10 a12
Fore quarter	$1 50	Feet @ set	18a25
Hind do	1 25	Tripe @ lb	4 a 6
Chop @ lb	14a18	Lard do	14a16
Calves Head, each	25a31	Hams Smoked	12½a14
		Bologna Sausage	16 a20

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys each	$1 50 a2 50	Plover pair	50 a
Ducks pr	87½a1 25	Blackbirds doz	31¼a37½
Chickens sp pr	40 a 87½	Rail doz	62 a75
Old do	1 00 a1 50	Reedbirds doz	37½a44
Mud Hens doz	25 a 31¼	Robin doz	25
Woodcock pr	50 a 62	Sand Snipe doz	37½
Frogs doz	25 a 50		

SHELLFISH.

Soft Shell Crabs dz	$1 87½a2 00	Terrapin doz	6 00 a 8 00
Hard do	25 a 31¼	Oysters, Absecom	
Green Turtle lb	12 a 18	@ basket	37½a62½
Lobster lb	8 a —	Do @ bus	$1 25
		Clams M	2 00 a 2 50

FISH.

Sh'p Head	15 a 20	Rock	8 a 10
Halibut	10 a 12	Perch bunch	12½ 25
Bass	6	Catfish	6 a 12½
Porgies	4 a 6	Eels	6 a 12
Flounders	6 a 8	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	6	Mackerel	12
Black Fish	8	Dry Cod	8 a 6
Sturgeon @ lb	5	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6¼

FRUIT.

Peaches basket	$12½a200	Wild Cherries qt	10 a 12½
Do bf pk	25 a 50	Plums qt	12½
Watermelons each	10 a 50	Grapes qt	8 a 10
do hundred	$12 a 25	Apples @ basket	25 a 50
Citrons each	3 a 10	Do @ bf pk	8 a 16
do basket	37 a 50	Pears basket	37½ a 75
Cranberries do	14 a 16	Do bf peck	8 a 20
Elderberries qt	6½	Apricots qt	12½ a 18¾

VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes bkt	20 a 25	Cucumbers bkt	20 a 25
Do bf pk.	5 a 6	New Potatoes bus	$1,00a1,25
String beans bkt	50 a 75	Do bkt	75 a 87½
Do bf pk	12½	Do bf pk	8 a 16
Peas bkt	87½a1,00	Sw't Potatoes bkt	62½a1,25
Do bf pk	20 a 25	Do @

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Illinois arrived at New York on the 29th ult. from Aspinwall. She connected at the Isthmus with the steamship Sonora. She brings $1,465,000 in gold.

Edward Belger, one of the first persons exiled by the Vigilance Committee, returned to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, but was again arrested and shipped off for New York.

Messrs. Hetherington & Randall, large real estate operators in San Francisco, doing business together, had had a disagreement about pecuniary matters. They met on the 24th of July at the St. Nicholas bar. Hetherington commenced an assault upon Randall, and they fired simultaneously at one another—six shots being exchanged. Randall fell, mortally wounded. The regular police attempted to arrest Hetherington, but they were overpowered by the police of the Vigilance Committee, who hurried Hetherington away to their head quarters. Randall died the next day. Hetherington was tried by the Committee on the 26th, and hung on the 29th. Philander Brace, who committed a murder a year or two since, was hung at the same time. About fifteen thousand spectators witnessed the execution, and there were four thousand troops of the Committee present under arms. All the approaches to the place of execution were guarded by cannon.

One of the most revolting scenes ever witnessed occurred at the execution. Hetherington proceeded to address the crowd, but was continually interrupted by the most disgusting profanity on the part of Brace, which at last proceeded so far, that it was deemed necessary to silence him by tying a handkerchief over his mouth.

Hetherington, in October, 1853, killed Dr. John Baldwin. He was tried for the act, the Judge charged that it was murder, but the jury acquitted him. The San Francisco Herald says that the names of several of the Vigilance Committee are in the list of that jury, and concludes that the corruption is in the juries, and not in the Courts and laws. The Herald is still doing vigorous battle against the Vigilance Committee. It says public opinion is setting against the Committee, and that it is fast losing its strength. As yet, however, the people are with the Committee.

Maloney, who was banished from San Francisco, writes a letter from Acapulco, in which he says the Committee tried hard to get him to testify against Judges Terry and Ashe, and even resorted to threats of a terrible punishment, but as he knew nothing to their discredit, he could not give them the desired information.

The superintendent of the U. S. Branch Mint has notified the persons employed there, who are members of the Vigilance Committee, that they must either withdraw from the Committee or leave the Mint.

McGowan, whom the Vigilance Committee at last accounts were pursuing, has reached Mexico in safety.

It is still doubtful what disposition will be made of the case of Judge Terry, who continues a prisoner in the hands of the Vigilance Committee. This appears to be the principal obstacle now to the disbandment of the Committee.

Great consternation was created the other day, in San Francisco, by certain suspicious movements of the Government vessels in the harbor. It was rumored that there was about to be active interference on behalf of the State Government. It is now said that orders have been received from Washington to prepare for the defence of the harbor, in the event of the emergency of a foreign War. Nevertheless, the Vigilance Committee are not asleep.

Political excitement is rising high in California, and all parties are preparing vigorously for the Presidential contest. The San Francisco Chronicle has hoisted the flag of Fremont and Dayton. The Republicans have also made arrangements for starting a new organ at Sacramento. The American party are also exerting themselves on behalf of Fillmore and Donelson. It is rumored that the Democrats intend to make opposition to the Vigilance Committee a party test.

The deposits of gold at the Branch Mint of the United States, in San Francisco, during the month of July, exceeded three millions of dollars.

At the great fire in Nevada city, over eight hundred buildings were destroyed, and ten lives were lost. The whole loss in money is estimated to exceed two millions of dollars. Among the buildings burned were every hotel, printing office, and church, and the public buildings, including the new courthouse, together with all the county records. Liberal subscriptions for the sufferers were making throughout the State, the miners contributing largely.

The news from the gold mining region, in every direction, is unusually flattering, causing a sudden and active demand for goods from all quarters. Unfortunately, however, the market is so glutted, and there are so many clippers with large cargoes yet to arrive, that prices still continue to have a downward tendency. Business prospects are gloomy, and it is feared that many shipments of goods from the East will not net the costs and charges.

The news of the failure of Palmer, Cook & Co., to pay the July interest on the State bonds, caused an intense excitement throughout California. Ex-Comptroller Moulder hastened to San Francisco, and is now endeavoring to arrange matters with that firm. In the meantime, the State Treasurer has arranged with Wells, Fargo & Co., to pay the State indebtedness in New York, provided it has not been already paid.

An unusual activity prevails in the San Francisco Navy Yard. The military and naval force of the United States are concentrating for service. The ships of war are prepared for action, and it is said that efforts are to be made to recruit five hundred men for the artillery service, and that Fort Point and Alcatraz Island are to be garrisoned. The object of these warlike preparations is not known. Some think it the extinction of the Vigilance Committee; others, to put the port in a state of defence in case the Central American difficulty with the British Government should assume a serious aspect.

The State Journal alleges that the Vigilance Committee have violated the laws of the United States by intercepting, opening and reading a letter mailed by Gen. Howard to Mr. Leigh, of San Francisco, and calls on Mr. Weller, the Post-Master, to instantly prosecute an inquiry into the matter, and punish the offenders.

The Peruvian slave ship Teresa Terry, put into San Francisco June 30th, with 150 Chinese, kidnapped at Macoa, and destined for the Peruvian mines. An attempt was made to detain her, but it failed, and she got off.

Troubles have commenced at Los Angeles between the Mexicans and Americans. A constable named William Jenkins being resisted in the service of an attachment on Antonio Rivas, a Mexican, shot him dead. The Mexicans rose in consequence. Jenkins was committed on a charge of murder. The people were under arms prepared to repel any attack that might be made on the town—though the danger is probably over.

Advices received from Salt Lake to June 23rd, state that the vegetables have been nipped by the frost. The grain crops had also failed, and fears were entertained that the people would suffer for want of food.

The latest advices from Oregon state that the Indians in the North continued hostile, but there were hopes of a peace.

Peter Funk Worsted.—Peter Funk is a shrewd man, and generally carries his point; but he sometimes gets worsted. A case has recently occurred which we will relate. A countryman, named King, was in the city on business, and though appearing somewhat "green," was not altogether unacquainted with the ways of Gotham. He had heard of Peter, and resolved to see him. He accordingly went into a mock auction store, where a number of men were examining watches, with the apparent intention of buying.

When King entered, wise looks were exchanged between these gentry, and the sale soon commenced. A handsome and valuable gold watch was offered, and King, being a good judge of the article, bid it in at $25. He immediately put it into his pocket and turned to leave. The auctioneer asked him to have the watch done up. "No," replied King, "I will carry it in my pocket—it will be safe." "You had better have it done up," persisted the auctioneer; "you can then put it in your trunk and carry it home without danger of losing it." "I never lose anything," replied King.

By this time several men had gathered around him, some advising him to have it done up, and others asking him to let them look at it. But he declined all offers, and started for the door. Peter saw that he had got hold of the wrong customer, and resolved to effect by force what he could not by deception. A man sprung before King, and was about to close the door, while the others pressed closely around him.

Thereupon, he drew a revolver, and assuring them that it was well loaded and a sure fire, told the man at the door, in a very cool and deliberate manner, that if he attempted to shut it, he would blow his brains out forthwith. Then pushing away the men around him with a pair of stout arms, he exclaimed, "The first man who dares to lay his hands on me will be shot!" They all stood back, and King walked out with his watch, while Peter found himself done a little browner than he ever remembers to have been. —*N. Y. Post.*

A very interesting correspondence has passed, so it is said, between several members of the British Parliament and Mr. Dallas. A letter of congratulation, bearing the signatures of some fifty or more members of Parliament, on the satisfactory settlement of the enlistment difficulties between England and the United States, was most unexpectedly received by Mr. Dallas, some short time before the sailing of the Baltic. He, however, mentions the circumstances in a postscript to a private letter, and rejoices at the probable immediate settlement of all misunderstandings between the two countries.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although these Pills were prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address Sayr & Hance, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

A REMARKABLE SWIMMER.—"A singular wager" has just been decided here. One of the best swimmers of this city made a bet that he would cross the Delaware on his back, carrying on his breast a small table, on which should be placed two bottles full of wine, six eggs on a plate, and four glasses. The fall of any one of the objects would involve the loss of the wager. The swimmer, however, crossed the river without displacing one of the articles, and won the bet—a new suit of clothes, which were promptly furnished at the beautiful Clothing Emporium of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street.

A REMEDY THAT CURES.—When laboring under any disease of the throat or lungs, rest assured that speedy relief can be obtained by using Dr. Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in such cases is unparalleled.

ALLOW ME TO ASK A QUESTION:—"How many persons are there apparently enjoying good health, who for months and years have been fancying that, with every change of weather, they were only subject to a cold in the head?" The answer will be—thousands, yes, tens of thousands, every one of whom might have been cured, during the first attack, by a few pinches of Dunn's Snuff.

MR. BUCHANAN'S LATEST AVOWAL.—A gentleman, well known in political circles in this city, while lately visiting at Wheatland, plainly asked Mr. B. if he had ever used an expression which has been attributed to him. His answer was, "Sir, I maintained, and always shall maintain, that I would let out the last drop of blood in my veins rather than be without a suit of those unbreakable clothes sold at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street, above Sixth."

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used.

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single Fit; the use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of CATHARTIC PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARN.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen, Geo. S. Sanders, James M. Jones, G. B. Brown, C. W. Forrest, Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jy7-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Edward Seydel, to Miss Mary Ann Richter, both of this city.

On the 3d of April, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Gregor C. Uewiere, to Miss Caroline Lindner.

On the 1st ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Richard C. Fleming, to Miss Sarah E. Potts, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas S. Jonston, Mr. John Wood, of Media, to Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of West Philadelphia.

In Philadelphia, on the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Smith, Mr. Bernard Stricker, of Bucks county, Pa. to Miss Annie Estlack, of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 4th July last, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D. Mr. William Robison, to Miss Jane Nagle, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Andrew J. Williams, to Mrs. Mary D. S. Morrison, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. John Wilson, to Miss Sarah A. Forbis, both of Delaware county.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. John C. Mitchell, to Miss Louisa Shinn both of South ward.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Alexander M. Smith, to Miss Sarah M. daughter of Captain John Sharp, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Ald. Brazer, W. Henry Brown, of this city, to Mary W. Thomas, of Bristol, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. Elias A. Black, of Illinois, to Miss Elizabeth B. Quickrall, of Frankford, Pa.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. E. W Rutter, Mr. Stephen Rimmel, to Miss Emma Curry, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. G. Orum, Mr. John D. Smith, to Miss Sarah R. Spencer, daughter of Jas. Spencer, Jr. all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. F. Hodgson, William F. Fortescue, Jr. to Emilie Craigo, both of this city.

At Fisherville, N. J. on the 20th ultimo, by Martin Madden, Esq., Mr. Christian L. Stanghan, to Mrs. Ann Shinn, both of Malaga, N. J.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Thomas Johnston, Mr. John T. Enos, to Miss Eliza A. daughter of the late James Stinson, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. John Patton, Mr. Hugh Young to Miss Elizabeth D. Richter, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. James G. Shinn, Mr. John Peoples, to Miss Eliza Sweeney, both of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. G. R. Allison, Mr. H. McCarty, to E. S. Corbyn, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. G. Dixon Bowen, Mr. George Crism, to Miss Elizabeth Tisdale, both of this city.

On the 3d of April last, by the Rev. O. C. Arnold, Mr. J. Madison Cake, to Lizzie York, daughter of Horatio Lloyd, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Germantown, on the 18th ultimo, Mary Emma, infant daughter of Nathan H. and Caroline N. Johnson, aged 8 months and 22 days.

On the 27th ultimo, James McCann, aged 81 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Miss Frederica Jungkuth.

On the 27th ultimo, in Camden, N. J., Mrs. Mary Sommerdin, aged 87 years.

On the 27th ultimo, John Gaffell, aged 52 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Lockwood, aged 79 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Rachel Ackley, aged 6 years and 2 months.

On the 26th ultimo, Ralph Jones, aged 57 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Margaret Jane, daughter of Jas. and Jane McBeth, aged 2 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Martha M. Brown, aged 22 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. Joseph Kuhl, aged 47 years.

On the 26th ultimo, James R. Baker, aged 51 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Martha McNamee, aged 25.

On the 27th ultimo, Bernard Green, aged 50 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Miss Ann Williams, aged 46 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Michael M. Gorr, son of Wm. A. and Margaret Saunders, aged 22 months.

On the 24th ultimo, Anna McGroarer, wife of James McGuire, aged 27 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Elizabeth, wife of Andrew McCleary, aged 38 years.

On the 24th ultimo, John Daly, aged 23 years.

On the 25d ultimo, John M. Vandevener.

On the 25th ultimo, Lizzie W. Mills, aged 15 years and 8 months.

On the 24th ultimo, John Groneycut, son of Chas. F. and Margaret L. Miller, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 24th ultimo, Miss Mary Strain, aged 16 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Hannah, daughter of Henry and Isabella Ware, aged 7 years.

On the 24th ultimo, David McMichael, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 24th ultimo, Miss Catharine Cronin, aged 37 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Joseph McCauley, aged 25 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Elizabeth, daughter of Jos. Kelly.

On the 24d ultimo, Emma Matilda, daughter of Margaret and the late Chas. Polk, aged 14 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Emma, daughter of Chas. B and Mary Deats, aged 4 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Joseph Dowling, aged 43 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Sally Hayes, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Frazer, aged 16 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Emma Cecelia, daughter of Francis and Maria McKowen, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Margaret Lisco, aged 22 months.

On the 23d ultimo, Harrington, son of Barrington L. and Margaret Mieck, aged 5 years.

On the 22d ultimo, J. Hunter Toomey, aged 33 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Charles Oscar, son of Charles F. and Harriet Beckingham, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. Ann Mannine, aged 87 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mary, wife of Arthur Harvey, aged 41.

On the 24th ultimo, James S. Christy, aged 2½ years.

On the 24th ultimo, Moses E. George, aged 49 years.

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AN IRISHMAN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

"An' is this House's Telegraph?" asked a Hibernian, the other day, as he entered the office of the Traveller Buildings. On being informed it was, a dialogue ensued, of which the following is as near a verbatim report as our reporter was able to obtain:—

Pat—Is Misther House in?

Clerk—No. I attend to the business here.

Pat—Och, ye do! Well, can ye send to me brother Mick, in New York.

Clerk—Yes. Have you your message written?

Pat—Oh, bother! Divil a need of givin' Mick a message in writin', at all at all. Just give him the five dollar bill, sure, for to help to pay the fine the blackguards put upon him.

Clerk—But we can't send money by telegraph. Money must go by mail.

Pat—Shure, what 'ud I *buy male* for? An isn't it three pecks of illegant *male* I have in the house already?

Clerk—No. You don't understand. I mean by Post.

Pat—Post, is it? In a lether? An' ye can't send it by the telegraph?

Clerk—No. All we can do is, if you have a message, we can send that. That is, we can charge the wire with electricity, and make it write in New York whatever you wish.

Pat—*Make it right*, is it? Well, now, bedad, that's the thing, entirely. Just make it right with Mick, an' here's the five dollars, avick!

Clerk (slightly vexed)—We can do nothing of the sort! I mean we can *write*—print the words you want to say to your brother in New York.

Pat (scratching his head with a puzzled air)—If ye can do that, just be afther discoursin' wid him soon as ye like.

Clerk—But you must write the message you wish to send, upon this bit of paper.

Pat—Och! bad luck to it! I haven't the gift o' writin' at all, shure.

Here the clerk arranges his paper, and prepares to write the message for Pat himself.

Clerk—What's your brother's name?

Pat—Mick.

Clerk—And what is *his other name*?

Pat—Same as my own. *Shure*, we're brothers!

Clerk—I know that. But what *is* he called?

Pat—What is he called? Oh! well, in the owld country they called him "Shillelah Mick," bekase of the mighty fine taste he had at swingin' that bit of a twig; and many's the sconce he cracked like an owld tay pot, when—

Clerk (exasperated)—I don't care what they called him in Ireland. Give me his other name. It is "Mick" what?

Pat—Och, botheration, no! Mike Whatt is my cousin, as lives in the county Kerry, and been dead these five years—heaven rest his sowl!

Clerk—Confound it! Can't you tell me your brother's other name? He has one besides Michael, hasn't he?

Pat—Oh, yes! Shure, why didn't ye tell me that's what ye wanted, before—for, faith, as shure's my name is Pat Finnegan, ye should have been towld the family name of my ancestors, begorra!

Clerk—Ah! Finnegan's the name?

Pat—No, jewel! *Mick* Finnegan. Divil an R. Finnegan is there in the family savin' Rory. He has 'listed for a soger.

Clerk proceeds to write a message to "Mick," as dictated by Pat, after which he counts the words in the dispatch, and says—

"Here are eighteen words. The first ten will cost you forty cents, and the others twenty-four, making sixty-four cents in all."

Pat—Oh, bother the first tin words! shure, Mick'll never miss 'em. Send the last.

Clerk—We can't do that. You must pay forty cents, at any rate.

Pat—Sorra a bit can I do that. Shure, ye may tell Mick that the raison of his gittin' no message from me, was owing to the occasion of the money it cost, an' that'll explain the raison of his not hearin' from me at all.

Exit Pat, anathematizing the "dhirty wire merchine of a tilegraph!" and followed by a not over friendly ejaculation from the clerk in attendance.—*Traveller.*

KISSING.—A gentleman wrote:—

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

Whereupon, a lady pencilled this reply, and left it for the fool's instruction:—

"Men do not kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.

"As sometimes on poor woman's lip
Is applied this nauseous potion,
We dare to kiss among ourselves,
As a counteracting potion."

A BAD JOB.—The Bishop of Western New York has signally failed in learning to sing. At a recent ecclesiastical meeting, when the subject of church music was up for discussion, he related his own experience for the purpose of showing that it was not in the power of every one to become a live singer. He said that when he was a student in Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there which declared it to be the duty of *every* man to learn how to sing. He accordingly went to a singing master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no ear!" (Laughter.) Fearing, however, that it might be incompetency on the part of that teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him, one day, "My dear sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but really, I do not think it is worth your while to go on, you have *no voice*." (Laughter.) Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded *his* exertions at length with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have *neither voice nor ear*, and never can learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah!" (Long laughter.) So the Bishop gave it up as a bad job, and has never resumed the pleasing task of tuning his pipes from that day to this. We have heard some persons on the stage who were not as well advised in their youth as was the Bishop of Western New York.

STRAY SHOT.—There is no adhesive label like a nickname.

Waiting for dead men's shoes is, in most measures, a bootless affair.

Ladies generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

The number of poor poets is, if anything, greater than the number of poets who are poor.

Bad words, like bad shillings, are often brought home to the person who has uttered them.

Life, we are told, is a journey—and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.—*Punch.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—Barristers have a ludicrous habit of identifying themselves with their clients, by speaking in the plural number. "Gentlemen of the jury," said a luminary of the Western Circuit, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in the lap, I will prove that we were locked up in the station house in a state of intoxication."

OLD GORDON AND HIS LADDIES.—John Gordon, who died near Turriff, Bengshire, some time ago, attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turriff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, "where they wad see," she used to say, "the auldest man i' Bengshire—ay, in a' the warld." Among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man employed in knitting hose, with, "So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age." "Deil's in the man! it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three, ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man! I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your will, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "Oh, ye'll be wanting my *father*, I reckon—he's i' the yard there!" The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the "Battle of Harlaw." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John; "but I am thankfu' that I'm able for't, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no very stout, now!"—*Glasgow Railway Journal.*

REPORT.—A certain baron who gloried in a tremendous pair of red whiskers, had collected his friends for a hunting party at his chateau, and wishing to show his wit and amuse his guests, he called a gardener who was working near, and who wore no beard, and asked him why he could not wear a beard.

"Sir," replied the peasant, "when the good God gave out the beards, I came a little late; the light, the brown, the black, were all distributed, and none remained but red. I preferred to go without rather than have one of such color!"

The baron was surprised to hear the laughter of his friends, for he was quite unable to see the joke.

QUIZZING A SPONGE.—"Good-morning, sir, I want so speak to you?"

"I can't stop—I'm in a hurry."

"I'm sorry for that; sir, I have a scheme which will put something into your pocket."

"Oh, *yes—your hand.*"

Useful Receipts.

COW HEEL.—Having cleaned the feet, bone them, boil them, and stew them in a rich brown gravy; serve with Indian pickle. Or, if plainly cooked, boil until enough; then serve them on a napkin, with melted butter, flavored with a spoonful of vinegar, and one of mustard. Lemon pickle may be served with them.

TO KEEP FLIES OFF GILDING.—The meat market at Ghent is now completely free of the intolerable nuisance of flies. The simple remedy is in the inner walls having been painted with laurel oil. (*Oleum lauri nobilis?*) the smell of which the flies cannot support. Even gilt frames can thus be preserved unsoiled. The smell of the laurel oil is not unpleasant—and one easily gets accustomed to it.

APPLE BREAD.—A very light, pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as in making common bread, and is beat with flour and warm pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set; it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or twelve hours, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite; none, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

TO PRESERVE PINE APPLES.—Slice the pine-apples rather thinner for preserving than eating, using about one pound of loaf sugar for each pound of fruit. Powder the sugar, and place in your preserving pan alternately a layer of sugar and a layer of fruit. To each pound of fruit put three tablespoonfuls of water. Let it remain over a slow fire until the sugar is all melted; then boil it gently until the fruit looks clear; take out the fruit piece by piece and lay the pieces on a dish until the syrup is boiled nearly to a jelly. Put the fruit in jars and pour on the syrup hot. After putting on brandy papers, cover the jars with paper, and paste it on, which secures their keeping, and preserves the flavor of the pine-apple.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET WHEN PRESSED DOWN.—Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

LEMON PUDDING.—Boil four lemons peeled thin, till they are soft, rub them through a hair sieve, and preserve the fine pulp; pour some boiling milk or cream, in which a stick of cinnamon has been boiled, over a pound of Naples biscuits, two ounces of fresh butter, and add a little nutmeg. When cold add to them the pulp of the lemons, and eight eggs well beaten; mix all together, and sweeten, and, if liked, add some brandy. Make a good puff paste, edge a dish with it, put in the mixtures, ornament the top with strings of paste, and bake it in a moderate oven.

POTTED MEATS.—It sometimes happens to the ladies from some unforseen circumstances, that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps, remains on hand, which are measurably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone, and chop fine, and season high with salt, pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider, or Worcestershire sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pound it tight into a stone jar, and cover over the top with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep months, and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the tea-table.

TO BOIL A LEG OF LAMB.—To make it look well, it should be boiled in a cloth to make it white. Cut the loin into steaks, dip them in egg, strew them over with crumbs of bread, fry them a nice brown, and place them round the dish. Garnish with dried and fried parsley. Spinach should be served to eat with it.

BRANDY PUDDING.—Take some dried cherries or jar-raisins, stoned, and line a mould with them, add some thin slices of French roll, and a layer of ratafias or macaroons, then repeat the layers of fruit, rolls, and cakes, till the mould is full, pouring in at intervals two glasses of brandy. Beat four eggs, whites and yolks separately, add to them a pint of milk or cream slightly sweetened, half a nutmeg, and the rind of half a lemon grated, pour it into the mould, and when it has penetrated the solid, flour a cloth, tie it tight over, and boil an hour. Be careful to keep the mould the right side upwards.

☞ Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to "make the engineers bile their water on shore." In her opinion, all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board.

☞ The mirrors in the St. Nicholas Hotel cost $40,000; the whole building furnished and in operation, represents an invested capital of *one million nine hundred thousand dollars.*

The Fast Man's Turn-out when the Camels that are coming have come.

Agricultural.

WATERING HORSES.

The effects of cold water vary according to the quantity given, and according to the state of the horse. Two or three quarts will not do any harm, or at most it will set the coat on end. If the horse is very hot, this small quantity is very refreshing to him, and may be given with great safety. If the day be very warm, and the horse kept in gentle motion, twice or thrice as much will do no harm, however warm the horse may be. Yet none should be given till one or two minutes after the horse is pulled up. Let him recover his wind for a minute before he drinks. A large quantity, say a pailful, of very cold water, to a horse at rest, not heated by exertion, may make him shiver, or it may produce pain in the belly, or cramp of the bowels. Both shivering or cramp may be prevented by putting the horse in motion, a brisk walk or gentle trot. A horse much heated by exertion, which has produced copious perspiration, will drink more than a pailful, and the colder the water the more he will drink; if he shiver, founder may be expected in an hour or two. If the same quantity be given when the horse is getting cool, he is almost sure to take cramp in the bowels.

So far as my experience goes, it appears that cold water is most dangerous, not when the skin is at its hottest, but when it is becoming cool after being warm. I have seen cold water produce a kind of rheumatism. The horse is stiff all over, and on one or more of his *legs* he is lame and cramped, and it is several days before he recovers. I have never known this happen except when the horse had drunk freely of cold water, and eaten grain at the time he was much heated; and in all cases he had been permitted to stand at rest.

I remember only three cases of this kind, and it is possible that the rheumatism might not be altogether due to that treatment, I suspect. This, however, a shivering fit, founder, and spasmodic colic, are all the evils that cold water will produce. I have never seen it produce any other. Their treatment, their symptoms, and results, it would be improper to describe; but it may not be very much out of my province to mention that shivering is prevented and cured by motion and clothing; and that cramp of the bowels may be cured by four ounces of sweet spirits of nitre, given in a pint of warm milk, with about a teaspoonful of ground ginger, mustard or pepper.

To prevent these the water must either be warmed or it must be given oftener and in smaller quantity. A very thirsty horse should never be permitted to take so much as he pleases at one draught. A little, given at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, till his thirst is quenched, will prevent all danger, and the horse will take less upon the whole than he would take at first in one draught. I don't approve of chilled water for constant use. It makes the horse so tender that a very little cold water has a great effect upon him. It does no other harm. It need not, however, be given as it is taken from a deep well, or from a frozen pond. As a general rule the temperature of water should not be much above or much below that of the air the horse is breathing.

The quantity of water which a horse will consume in twenty-four hours is quite uncertain. It varies so much, that one will drink as much as other two or three. It is influenced by the food, the work, the weather, and the number of services. While getting grass or soft food, the horse drinks less than while his food is all dry; those that eat much hay, need more than those that eat little. The demand increases with the perspiration; horses at fast work, and kept in hot stables, need a large allowance, which must be still larger in hot weather. When water is given only twice a day, more is taken, or would be taken, than if it were taken three or four times. Horses of slow, or not very fast work, may be permitted to take what quantity they please, provided always that it be given before the horse becomes very thirsty. For other horses, those of very fast work, occasional restriction is necessary; and many of these are subject to habitual restriction.

Occasional restriction is necessary. When the horse is very thirsty he will take more than he needs, and more than is safe. This I have already explained. Restriction is also necessary before fast work. In coaching stables, the horses are watered about an hour before going to work. Should they be disposed to drink a great deal at this time, they are not permitted; half an ordinary pailful ought to suffice. Twice as much might do harm. It might impede the breathing, and produce purgation; yet, very often, it does neither. Given, however, immediately before starting, it is sure to do both. When the horse purges, his breathing becomes freer as he gets quit of the water. But especially on a long stage, the purgation is very debilitating, and it makes the horse very lean in two or three journeys. Racers, it appears, receive no water on running days till their work is over, and they are even stinted the day before running. With hunters, the restriction is carried nearly as far, though not so generally. This practice has always been condemned by veterinarians, and, in truth, it seems of very doubtful propriety. But, notwithstanding what has been said against it, no proof has been produced to show that it is really a pernicious practice. It is, however, always censured as cruel and needless and erroneous.—*Spirit of the Times.*

PREPARATIONS FOR HAY IN THE MOW.—I have used, for several years, the following preparation for my hay:—*Two parts of slacked lime, or quick lime, to one of salt.* The salt to be mixed with the lime until entirely dissolved, and the mass becomes a powder. Upon a load or ton of hay, at intervals in mowing or stacking, use from ten to fifteen quarts, dusted evenly over the hay. I formerly used salt alone, but too much would often use too much, so that it was injurious to the stock. The above mixture obviates this—it corrects the acidity and sourness of the hay, and I do not recollect a sick animal since I commenced its use. Horses troubled with the heaves are greatly relieved by feeding upon hay thus prepared, and I am satisfied it is a preventive of the heaves. My horses are kept in the stable the year round, well groomed, and they do far more work and wear longer than when suffered to run during the summer.—*L. D. Cuff, in Transactions N. Y. Ag. Society.*

GENTLEMAN FARMING.

VERY pleasant to talk about—that is, to those who know nothing at all about farming, either "gentlemanly," or vulgarly. After exhausting "Lorain," read the "Sparrowgrass Papers." I have witnessed sundry editions of gentlemanly farming which didn't last a great while, and ending either in disgust, with a summary throwing up of the occupation, or toning down into a practical, positive reality, like any other business in which a man proposed to make an honest livelihood.

Wonderful ideas many people have of the profession of farming! A deal of poetry and imagination, into which are intermingled Sylphs and Dryads; Phyllises and Damons; shepherds' crooks, cottage girls, and country swains; innocent birds, bleating lambs, and various other romantic dreamings. But it is wonderful to find how soon these delectable images of agricultural bliss become spirited away on the trial. If a man have fifty thousand dollars well invested, on which he can draw punctual semi-annual dividends at six or eight per cent., then put himself and family on to a farm, well conditioned in all particulars, and children well-behaved, and not over extravagant in their notions, and, moreover, a *good ways out of town*, he may possibly, with a good deal of hard and vexatious labor, bring the year about at "gentleman farming." Otherwise, like the cobbler, he had "better stick to his last."

Why don't we hear of gentleman printers, gentleman merchants, gentleman doctors, gentleman editors, and gentleman everything else in the professional and business pursuits of life? Simply because every profession or calling in the world which amounts to anything, and by which men get their living, is followed in *earnest*, and those who engage in them, lay their whole talents and labors into the work, whatever it be. The great, popular mistake of those who talk of *gentlemanly* farming is, that they suppose the *practical* farmer to be a boor, of necessity, and that his calling is a vulgar one, unfit for an educated mind; yet, when sublimated by intelligence, education, and refined associations, *may* be made respectable! "Gentleman farming" is a rank humbug, as any other profession or trade would be, followed in the same fashion—that is, by hanging out a sign, furnishing the shop, store, office, or other establishment, with its stock in trade, library, or what not, and then leaving the students, clerks and shop-boys to take care of it, while the principal goes about the streets, talking politics, spending his day-light at the bar-room, sucking down brandy-smashes and mint-juleps or fooling away his time in any other nonsense. That is the "gentleman" way of doing any sort of business, "farming" or otherwise. The upshot of the matter is, a man may be a gentleman in any calling which demands the exercise of brains, ingenuity and industry. I never yet knew a useful profession which demanded low intellect or clownish manners, as a qualification for its pursuit.—*Horticulturalist.*

BLASTING THE STUMPS OF TREES.—On Monday last Captain Norton practically proved the efficiency of his "Percussion Blasting Cartridge" for blasting the stumps of trees, in a timber yard in Church street. Having bored a hole with an auger rather more than half way down into the most knotty part of a large elm stump, one of the cartridges having a wooden head was inserted, and an iron bar of the same diameter as the auger, having a cavity or hollow in its lower end to receive the small percussion appliance, was then put in over the cartridge, so as to reach within about two inches of the head of the cartridge, the bar being kept in this position by a clip as well as by its fitting tightly in the hollow bore of the stump; a long plank of timber with one end on the ground and the other end held over the bar by a long rope, was then allowed to fall on the upper end of the iron bar, and the cartridge was instantly fired, and the stump rent asunder. This method of splitting the stumps of trees when other means have failed may be beneficially put in practice for procuring fire-wood instead of allowing the stumps to go to waste. The iron bar being of the same diameter as the auger, it necessarily fits air tight in the hollow above the cartridge, and allows of no escape of the elastic gas when the charge explodes, thus concentrating the whole force of the explosion upon the solid stump, and no tamping is required, and the percussion appliances obviate the necessity of any fuse. Capt. Norton, therefore, very appropriately pronounces this means of blasting to be on the "Highest pressure, no safety valve, steam-boiler exploding, gun-barrel bursting principle," and as the percussion appliance is separate from the cartridge and only brought in contact with it when required, there can be no fear of any accidental explosion. The shattered appearance of the blasted stump shows what the effect of this rifle percussion shell would be in the hull of a man-of-war, when fired from a 68-pounder rifle cannon.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

SOWING GRAIN IN ORCHARDS.—We frequently see this folly along the line of our railroads, in our summer travel. Here we see a splendid crop of rye, and there a vigorous growth of oats or barley. Sometimes Indian corn is planted in a young orchard. We believe the practice to be bad husbandry. A neighbor of ours has an apple orchard, set about ten years since. He took admirable care of it for several years, washing the trunks and larger limbs with strong soap suds, and manuring them abundantly. The orchard was a beautiful sight, and began to bear fruit. Three years ago he stocked it down with rye. The crop was a good one, but it proved disastrous to his orchard. It checked the growth of wood, and has not borne any fruit since. Similar facts are abundant in the experience of farmers. We cannot tell, perhaps, all the causes of this injury to fruit trees. Any grain is a heavy draft upon the land, and probably uses up the material the trees want to perfect their fruit. A grain crop shades the soil very much, also, and this must prove injurious. It is well to keep a young orchard under cultivation for some years, but the ground should only be cropped with roots, and abundantly manured. An orchard will pay us for our trouble, according to the capital and labor we expend upon its cultivation.—*American Agriculturist.*

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SAVING GARDEN SEEDS.—When the seeds are ripe, gather them without unnecessary delay; otherwise the pods will split open and their contents be scattered upon the ground. Do not gather indiscriminately, but take only the finest looking heads. By this selection of the best plants and the best seed, good varieties may be even improved, and they certainly will not deteriorate. In this way many of our choice vegetables have been obtained. The practical stockbreeder's motto is that "like produces like," and he breeds from those animals only which possess the points he wishes perpetuated. Thus, if you select the earliest peas from the earliest vines, for a number of seasons, you can obtain a variety ripening several days earlier than that with which you commenced. It has been done once, and may be done again.

Place the seed vessels, as soon as gathered, upon a cloth in the shade, so that they may become perfectly dry, at which time thresh out the seed, by means of a small stick. Winnow out the chaff and small or defective seed, and put the remainder in drawers or small paper bags. Every kind should be labelled with its name and the year when raised—in this manner, "*Early Salmon Radish*, 1856." This will prevent all possibility of the inexperienced cultivator mistaking beet for cabbage seed, or sowing that which by the lapse of time has lost its powers of germination. Keep these drawers or bags in a cool, dry apartment, where no injury may be apprehended from moisture or the attacks of mice. With care seeds may be preserved for several years, according to the annexed table.

The vitality of seeds, under favorable circumstances, may be depended upon for the following periods:

Parsnips, Rhubarb, and other thin scaly seeds for one year.

Balm, Basil, Beans, Cadroon, Carrot, Cress, Indian Cress, Lavender, Leek, Okro, Onion, Peas, Pepper, Rampion, Sage, Salsify, Savory, Scorzonera, Thyme, Tomato, Wormwood, and small herbs generally, for two years.

Artichoke, Asparagus, Corn Salad, Egg Plant, Endive, Indian Corn, Lettuce, Marigold, Marjorum, Mustard, Parsley, Rosemary, Rue, Skerritt, Spinach, and Tansey, for three years.

Borage, Borecole, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Radish, Sea Kale, Tarragon, and Turnip, for four years.

Beet, Burnet, Celery, Cherval, Cucumber, Dill, Fennel, Hyssop, Melon, Pumpkin, Sorrel and Squash, from five to eight or ten years.—*Schenck's Gardener's Text Book.*

CORN MEAL FOR MILCH COWS.—In the fall of 1852, I began to feed three farrow cows for the purpose of supplying a milkman in this vicinity with milk for market. I had a few sugar beets and turnips with which I began, and, as I designed the farrow cows for the butcher in the spring, I commenced giving them meal from corn and barley, some ten bushels old grain; then corn meal alone, increasing till they ate one peck each per day. I tried it cooked and raw, wet and dry, mixed with cut fodder, composed of hay, straw, and corn-stalks cut up together, varying the amount of each as convenience might suggest, (as I think all animals require a variety.)

Now for the result. The cows increased in milk, giving more on the above feed than they had done on grass during summer. Contrary to my expectation, they did not improve very fast on the food given, and I was obliged to dry them up early in March, to get them fit for the shambles. My cows that were coming in in the spring, had two quarts of corn meal each per day, and they also gave liberally. The milk being sold daily, gave an excellent opportunity for testing the amount given at the time. I made up my mind that corn meal was the best for milk of any food for the milch cow, and still think so, if good, rich milk is wanted. It has been tried considerably in this vicinity, with the same results as here given. I fed cut feed, but I do not think that would vary the result; with me, if the cows get their daily allowance, I get the returns.—*Ohio Wool Grower.*

TOMATOES—SUPPORTING AND SHORTENING-IN.—Few gardens are now found unsupplied with tomatoes, but very few persons take any pains to *cultivate* them. The vines are usually left to struggle *ad libitum*. This is both bad economy and bad taste. If tomatoes are planted in rows, a convenient plan is to put up stakes on both sides of each row, and nail on horizontal strips or slats to keep the vines perpendicular. They may be carried up to the height of three to five feet. By this means the vines will show much better, especially when covered with ripened fruit, clustering thickly upon the sides. The fruit itself will be much superior to that manufactured on the ground and in the shade. Strong twine or wires may be substituted for the horizontal slats. A cheaper process of supporting tomatoes is to bush them, in the same manner that beans or peas are treated.

Tomatoes are also benefitted by *shortening-in*. Three-fourths of the mature fruit is produced upon a small part of the vine nearest to the root, say one-third to one-fourth of its length. It is recommended to stop the further development of vines after a fair supply of fruit is set, by clipping off the vines growing beyond. The clipping should not be carried too far, as a supply of foliage is required to gather food from the air. One of the most successful cultivators in our acquaintance made it a rule to let no vine extend beyond four feet from its root.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

DAHLIAS.—Tie up your dahlias securely, as the strong fall winds, that will soon prevail, often blow them down, if not properly staked and tied; and when this is the case, the stem is generally broken, and the flowering spoiled for the season.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE STAGE IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.—The Elizabethan theatre must be viewed as little better than one of Richardson's shows, as far as appliances go. The curtains pull apart, and there is a tapestry representing a town—that is Troy. To make sure of it, there's a board overhead with the name written upon it, like a finger-post. At the back of the stage is a platform and balcony—that is the city wall, where Helen will see the armies, of eight men each, pass in awful procession—the Greeks a little knock-kneed, the Trojans two of them squinting. The musicians are in a high stage-box. The actors enter—Troilus in hose and doublet, and Cressida, a plump boy of fourteen, in fardingale and scarf. A man in a black velvet cloak, heralded by a trumpet, has before this entered as Prologue. Such is Shakspeare's stage. On the boards of each side are gallants, smoking and laughing. The pit is standing, and the second gallery is cracking nuts and pelting Hector with rotten apples. But in the best boxes we see some rather eminent men—Burleigh, for instance, and Sidney and Raleigh, while Shakspeare acts Achilles.—*Thornbury's Shakspeare's England.*

A SENSIBLE WORD ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.—Rev. Abel Stevens, the editor of the "National Magazine" says:

"We do not in our editorials, hold ourselves responsible to the personal views of any individual patron. For ourselves, personally, we would not subscribe a sixpence to a periodical which should hold itself bound to re-edit only received views, or to bring us from month to month such opinions only as are admitted by common consent, or are a repetition—a rehash—of our own individual things. We prefer something independent—something provocative of new and progressive thought—even if it challenge, sometimes, our dissent. This is one of the prime rules of good editing, and he that don't like it, had better clear our track as soon as possible."

☞ ORIGIN OF PROFILES.—It is said that the first profile taken, was that of Antigonus, 330 years before Christ. Having but one eye, he had his likeness taken in that manner to hide the defect.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 70 letters.

My 2, 66, 37, 28, 6, 7, 58, was the son of Aaron.
My 3, 25, 30, 33, 15, was a Jewish month.
My 4, 52, 43, was a beautiful woman, punished for her disobedience.
My 6, 37, 2, 56, 9, 13, was a river of Egypt.
My 7, 37, 5, 17, was a son of Aminadab.
My 8, 23, 15, 16, 4, was worn by the High Priest.
My 8, 45, 10, 28, 37, was one of the prophets.
My 8, 7, 15, 55, 66, 49, 1, was one of the apostles.
My 9, 33, 13, 24, was an evangelist.
My 9, 60, 7, 30, 66, 33, 56, was a Jewish prophet.
My 11, 25, 18, 20, 63, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 14, 28, 5, 35, 26, was an island in the Ægean sea.
My 15, 65, 5, 7, 31, was a city of Edom.
My 19, 4, 22, 13, 26, 62, 39, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 23, 48, 37, 50, 3, 65, 33, 56, was a cup-bearer to the King of Persia.
My 26, 5, 8, 9, 64, was a famous sorcerer of Samaria.
My 28, 29, 66, 39, is a book of the New Testament.
My 37, 60, 44, 2, 15, 57, 6, was an ancient and powerful people.
My 37, 7, 32, 19, 38, 25, is a book of the Old Testament.
My 40, 5, 27, 62, was an officer in the army of Israel.
My 33, 35, 7, 5, was father of all the human race.
My 46, 56, 30, 8, 12, 45, was a kinsman of Saul.
My 55, 30, 8, 9, 16, 50, 61, was a Jewish bishop.
My 41, 7, 63, 55, 43, 21, was a Jewish festival.
My 36, 4, 50, 18, 12, 20, 6, was a nation to whom Paul indited one of his epistles.
My 42, 28, 69, 57, 08, 51, was a Queen of Persia.
My 47, 28, 52, 30, 54, was one of the best Jewish Kings.
My 59, 55, 50, 28, 34, was a celebrated Levite.
My 67, 65, 58, 24, was a command given to Adam after his fall.
My 58, 63, 16, 37, 70, 23, was a King of Israel.
My whole is one of the most truthful and important of the Proverbs of Solomon.

GAHMEW.

LAW ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 14, 20, 19, 17, was a commentator on American law.
My 10, 13, 3, 17, 6, 19, was the author of the "reports argued and determined in the Superior Court of Orleans and Supreme Court of Louisiana."
My 4, 2, 6, 12, is "the power of the mind which directs the actions of a man."
My 7, 20, 9, 12, is that which belongs to Law.
My 1, 20, 19, "is said to be an ancient word which signified justice."
My 2, 18, 20, 16, 1, 20, is a Latin phrase signifying "a thing in existence."
My 11, 18, 19, 13, are "goods and chattles."
My 14, 13, 10, 11, 9, 17, is "a duel."
My whole (according to Kent) is one to be placed at the head of all commentators on law.

Baton Rouge, La. A LAW STUDENT.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 16, 2, 9, 20, 14, 1, 5, 7, 26, 4, 11, is a group of mountains in Oregon.
My 13, 4, 17, 20, 9, 10, 9, is a river in Russia.
My 23, 2, 18, 21, 26, 4, 11, is a town in France.
My 12, 10, 21, 25, 15, 26, 17, 11, is a State of the Union.
My 24, 26, 19, 14, 13, 28, is a town in Spain.
My 16, 9, 15, 26, is a river in Italy.
My 12, 23, 3, 10, 15, 4, 13, is an island in the Atlantic.
My 8, 9, 16, 5, is a lake in Ireland.
My 27, 25, 21, 22, is a river in Egypt.
My 23, 18, 6, 17, 18, 11, is a town in Brazil.
My 1, 25, 9, 24, 26, 4, is a town in Indiana.
My 16, 27, 13, 22, 11, is a chain of mountains in South America.
My 7, 10, 6, 19, 11, is a State of the Union.
My whole is a question full of interest to the American people.

ATLAS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 5, 27, 19, 5, 21, 3, 12, is a county in Maine.
My 23, 2, 1, 29, 10, 3, is a county in New York.
My 25, 6, 3, 7, 27, 19, is a county in Texas.
My 4, 3, 26, 21, 22, is a county in Michigan.
My 14, 16, 1, 19, 11, is a county in Indiana.
My 27, 6, 14, 2, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 3, 27, 19, 23, is a county in Oregon.
My 13, 2, 7, 3, is a county in Georgia.
My 23, 13, 14, 16, 2, 17, 18, is a county in Connecticut.
My 5, 6, 19, 11, 25, 29, 15, is a county in Alabama.
My whole is a celebrated American institution of learning.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HARP.

My first is a title of honor,
With which very few are blest.
My second is very often seen
On the prairies of the West.

My third is a fortification,
Of which you have often heard.
My fourth is much used in writing,
And generally called a verb.

My whole was a Briton who fought
Our fathers brave and kind.
If any more you want to know,
I will leave it for you to find.

Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first you will now bear in mind,
Among the adjectives you will find,
My second for fashion another name,
My whole a philosopher of great fame.

New York. NED.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a word of letters four,
A monosyllable and nothing more.
My one, two, and four, is used as a stay,
And equivalent to knot I confidently say.
My three and four, you'd certainly see,
If the writer of this was speaking to thee.
My whole is something you're sure to say,
Made many an object fast decay.

White Hall, Ohio. JOHN W. CRAMER.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TOWNS IN ASIA.

1. Nod Tom.
2. Lots Soup.
3. Bob May.
4. Rob Hen.
5. Dish Me.
6. Host Ham.
7. Die Mac.
8. A Rag.
9. H. Master.
10. An "Hoop."
11. Cut! Sam.
12. No, Don't.

GAHMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain garden there are two trees standing 120 feet apart; one tree is 100 feet high, and the other 80 feet; the owner wishes to put a fountain in a direct line between them, and to have it so situated, that a line drawn from the top of one tree, to the fountain, and then to the top of the other tree, shall be the least possible length. What distant must the fountain be from each tree? W. C.

Wheeling, Va.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What two letters do children love best? Ans.—C and-Y. (Candy.)

☞ Why was Eve like an article of Indian dress? Ans.—Because she was rib-born.

☞ If you were to cook a letter of the alphabet, what day of the week would it be? Ans.—Friday. (Fried A.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The Presidential election. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Richard of the Lion Heart and Saladin the Saracen Chief. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Baron Frederick William De Steuben. CHARADE.—Benedict Arnold—(Ben-Edict-Arno-Ell-Dee.) Ben. Franklin is alluded to in my first. CHARADE.—Spokeshave. CHARADE.—Newark. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—1, 3 and 27.

☞ SEE-SAW.—A New York carpenter took a holiday and went to Rockaway Beach. When he returned home, his friends asked him what he saw. He replied, "If there saw the sea—and I now see the saw."